

THE MCGILL DAILY

VOLUME 83 • NUMBER 68

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VALENTINES DAY, 1994

SEX — and — SEXUALITY special • issue

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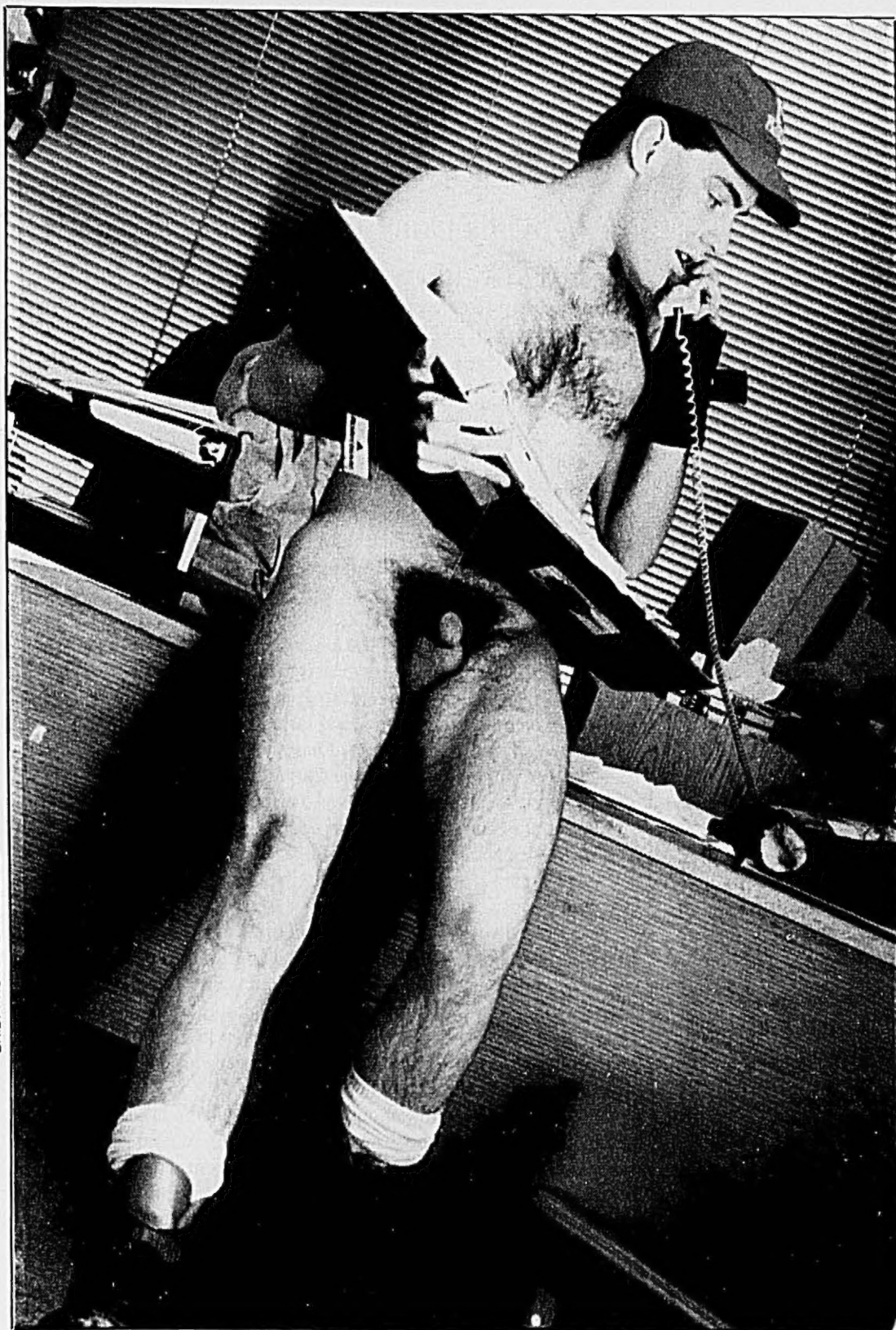
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Sex Sucks.

BY ALEX NATHAN SHUMATE

A couple of Hallowe'ens ago, I wrote a "Why not to read this issue" introduction to the *Daily's* Filthy Passions Special Issue (right under the picture of the Waltons). I argued that premarital sex and postmarital infidelity cheapen what should be the most intimate human act.

In the year and a half since then, I've gotten older, wiser — and married. That's why I've been asked for an encore, I suppose. So what do I think now?

You ever watched one of those *Star Trek: The Next Generation* two-parters? You watch the first half and spend the next week anticipating the finale, which turns out to be nowhere near as good as what you were expecting. Anticlimactic, you might say.

To put it bluntly, that's what I think about sex. "This is what my hormones have been holding me hostage for since I first got pubes?" I should've known that with an anticipatory period like that it would have taken the second coming of Elvis to impress me, but still...

So does this mean that this good ol' Mormon boy is renouncing straight-jacket morality? Hell, no!

In fact, now I *really* can't see why everyone gears their lives around sex. It's *love* you should be after, nitwit! It's as an expression of love that sex is transcendent. As "just sex", it's the physical counterpart to a Robert B. Parker novel — good while it lasts, but it doesn't linger.

Now, forget everything I've already told you (not that you were really listening to me anyway), 'cuz John Donne said it best, and I don't want you to judge his words by mine: "Dull sublunary lovers' love (who's soul is sense) cannot admit absence because it doth remove those things which elemented it."

Enjoy the rest of the paper, but remember — condoms on all ten fingers!

Alex Nathan Shumate is an active Mormon, now active in Cedar City, Utah, with his wife Michelle and their unborn-but-kicking child, Junior.

SEX —and— SEXUALITY special • issue



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SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994

SINCE • 1911
Vol. 83 No. 68

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THE MCGILL DAILY

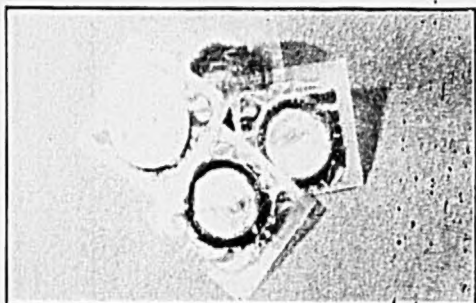
Southwest Leather Products has just introduced a new line of leather and fabric condom carrying cases. This new product has been developed in response to a demonstrated need for a safer, convenient and more discreet way of carrying condoms, for both men and women.

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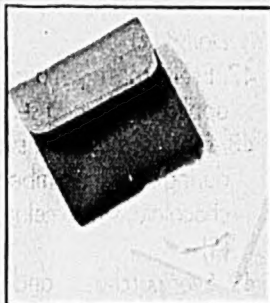
Southwest Leather Products hopes that promoting the new "JUST-N-CASE"™ condom holders in *The McGill Daily's* "Sex & Sexuality" Special Issue will increase the level of education regarding the use of condoms in safer sex. Some of the profits from the sale of the cases will be donated to

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COMMENT

Sex is political

or Why the Daily is publishing this issue

Quiet. I'm whispering you a love poem. I'm telling you I like the shadow under your breasts.

Baby. I'm singing you a love song. I'm thinking about sex, and how that word is woven tight in our love. Thinking about childhood and how kids also think about sex when they think about love. You remember. Now I'm talking about schools, and how sex ed classes have got to get better. Sex ed is, sadly enough, the link between a culture of parenting which doesn't acknowledge sexuality and children who have a right to be taught about their own bodies.

We don't want to hear about children kissing and pawing each other, but we have no problem wanting children. I could talk about incest. I could talk about child abuse. I could talk about child models who bare their bones on the cover of *Vogue* and we say, "Hey, she doesn't look like she's only 14."

Darling, she does look 14. She looks 14 like a wispy angel, and she tilts her angel eyes at us and she taunts the full hips of older women. Real women are caught between the tits of the *Playboy* centerfold and virgin palour of the "high-class" fashion model. If I'm singing you a love song, it's not about a woman's love of her own body.

My sweet. I'm telling you a love story. I'm remembering the way women's bodies have not been loved by men. Let me tell you about thousands of Black women who were raped by their slave masters. Let me tell you about thousands of Black women who are raped every year by white men who think they are slave masters. Let me tell you about injustice.

And when doctors finally got around to studying contraception in the early part of this century, let me tell you about the way they used that knowledge to yank the uterus from women of colour so they wouldn't bear *that* burden of proof. Doctors sterilized 25 000 Native American women in the United States in 1975 alone. It was argued that poor women and Black women needed to be saved from their own promiscuity.

Doll. You have to know about the women who died this century getting illegal abortions because the state said they had no right to sex without children. In 1892, the Canadian government outlawed the distribution of any information about contraception. And get this. They illegalized contraceptive literature on the grounds that it was "obscene." Now isn't that just like them.

Sugar. I want you to think about pornography. When I think about most porn, my stomach gets cold. My shoulders hunch. But some porn, it makes my cunt clench. And you know what? *That's* the stuff that gets stopped at the border. From contraception to lesbian porn, it's women's work that gets stopped at the border.

Honey. Listen to me when I tell you that sex is not what happens between the sheets. The Canadian government has always had sex on its mind. Until 1977, gay men weren't allowed to immigrate to this country because of their sexuality. Right now, the Canadian Red Cross won't allow gay men to give blood because of their sexuality. With the exception of the state of Hawaii, there is no place in North America where a gay or lesbian couple can legally marry. And this is injustice.

Now lover. You must know that I like sex. And I love the way you hold my cunt with two hands when I come. And I want to scream about the pleasure. And I want to scream twice as hard about the pain when sex is made a weapon against me. But I can't do either in a world where the media tells me to wash my mouth with soap. You won't find a ten-step guide on "How to Make a Woman Come" in the Sunday hobby section of the *Gazette*.

And sometimes I beg you to rape me. And sometimes I scream "STOP" to all the men who rape. And you say you want to know the difference. You say "How do I know what a woman wants?" I say, Stupid! You listen to me. But first you have to let me talk.

Sweet baby doll. Sex is political and we didn't make it that way. It is about school curriculum and rape and incest law. It's about media censorship and it's about racism. These are the ways they warp our sex to hurt us. When we talk about sex, when we're honest about sex (and this is no small task), when we say that sex is good, we turn their arrows against them.

This is why the *Daily* is talking about dirty, smutty, safe, unsafe, fantastic, queer, straight, funny, lovely, hot, tough sex. This is why the *Daily* is printing this special issue.

Kristin Andrews

NOTES FROM BELOW

Someone, or some group, has produced and distributed a poster which purports to be an ad for an event which the *Daily* is hosting. The *Daily* is indeed hosting a discussion on "Pornography and Censorship" this Thursday (see ad page 17), but our poster does not begin with "What exactly is pussy juice." The *McGill Daily* did not produce this poster, nor does this poster in any way reflect the content of the discussion. The person or persons who distributed this poster are welcome to come talk to us about any problem they have with this event.

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Corruption Test



5

1. Ever been on a date? (1)
2. Ever been felt up, groped? (2)
3. Ever masturbated? (3) To orgasm? (+1) In front of someone else? (+3) In public? (+4) In a lineup? (+5)
4. Ever been masturbated? (3) To orgasm? (+1)
5. Ever masturbated while talking on the phone? (4)
6. Ever called OPAL(976-COME)? (4)
7. Ever participated in group phone sex (conference calls/speaker phones)? (5)
8. Ever watched a porno? (3) Slept with a porno star? (+6) Are you a porno star? (+10)
9. Ever fucked? (5)
10. How old were you when you first had sex? Under 15? (5) 15-18? (4) 19-21? (3) 22+? (2)
11. Ever had a one-night stand? (6) Did you sneak out the morning after? (+3)
12. Ever fake an orgasm? (2)
13. Ever come twice in a row? (2) Three times? (+2) Lost track? (+5)
14. Ever pass out during sex? (2)
15. Ever wake up and not remember what you did the night before? (5) Bonus: Ever wake up in another city and not remember how you got there? (+9)
16. Ever spent the night at Neverland Valley? (3)
17. Ever have a bath or shower with another person? (4)
18. Ever paid for sex? (7) Been paid for sex? (+4)
20. Ever recorded (audio or visual) a sexual act in which you participated? (answering machine messages count) (6)
21. Ever engage in oral sex? (6) To orgasm? (+1) With yourself? (+10)
22. Ever engage in anal sex? (6) To orgasm? (+1)
23. Ever engage in the 69 position? (6)
24. Ever contracted an STD? (3 for each one)
25. Can you tie a square knot? (1) a timber hitch? (+2) a sheepshank? (+5)
26. Do you have any body part pierced besides nose or ears? (7)
27. Ever shaved/dyed pubic hair (yours or others)? (6)
28. Ever had sex in front of other people without them suspecting? (8) Because they asked you to? (+1)
29. Ever watched friends, neighbours, strangers have sex (not on TV)? (5) Until conclusion? (+2) Until morning? (+3)
30. Ever had sex at a faculty wine & cheese? (8) Were you caught? (+2)
31. Ever slept with a prof? (6) In their office? (+1) Expecting improved grades? (+2) Would you enroll in their courses again (i.e. develop a standing deal, so to speak)? (+3)
32. Ever been so loud during sex that your neighbours complained? (7) Neighbors started a petition? (+3)
33. Ever had sex with two or more partners in a week? (7)
34. Ever had sex with more than one person at the same time? (5) More than five? (+4)
35. Ever fantasized during sex about someone other than your present partner? (6) Called your lover by the wrong name during sex? (+1)
36. Ever had sex with a virgin? (8)
37. Ever had sex with the dead? (5) Did they come back for more? (+3)
38. Ever eaten human flesh? (6) Your own? (+1)
39. Ever explicitly described a sexual act to your religious leader? (7)
40. Ever knowingly spread false rumours about someone's sex life to advance your own position? (5)
41. Ever had sex in a public place? (5) Bonus: A church, cemetery, dance floor, public washroom or staircase in McLennan (+4 each).
42. Ever had sex outside? (7)
43. Ever fucked a cop? (8) To avoid a fine? (+2) Bonus: An SQ cop? (+2)
44. Ever get carpet burns or scratch marks from fucking? (7)
45. Ever photocopied your own genitalia? (7) And sent it to your MP? (+2)
46. Ever pose nude for the Daily? (5)
47. Ever broken a major kitchen appliance during sex? (8)
48. Ever used organic substances during sex? (cucumbers, chocolate, watermelon, tofu...) (5)
49. Ever purchased and used a dildo? A vibrator? Whips/chains? Ben wah balls? A butt plug? (3 each)
50. Ever licked or have had someone lick eyeball (2), toes (2), ears (2) or anus (3)?
51. Ever practiced bondage, masochism, sadism, or semi-strangulation for enhanced sexual gratification? (8)
52. Ever finger-fucked (6), fist-fucked (9) or tit-fucked (7)?
53. Ever used small rodents (hamsters perhaps) in a sexual act? (10)
54. Ever received an enema? (3) ever felch? (+2)
55. Ever had sex with a relative? (10)
56. Ever had sex with someone primarily because they look like you? (4) Like your mother/father? (+3)
57. Ever slept with a friend's fiancé? (3) The night before the wedding? (+2)
58. Does necrophilia (12), bestiality (12) or Mitsou (20) turn you on?

Scoring Guide

0-49 You have not lived...

50-149 You've obviously found the road to corruption, but you're hitchhiking and no one's picked you up. Keep that thumb out.

150-249 You have a keen understanding of the odd and the outrageous. You're headed straight to hell in a hand basket.

250-399 There are twelve step programs for people like you. Look into it.

400+ You're lying. Only Senator Packwood scored this high.

Kissy LaRue's ANAL INQUISITION

BY KISSY LARUE

After the failure of my last feature film, 'My burning bush', I became extremely depressed. I fled the theatre after the premiere, tears in my eyes, the throbbing erection I sported at the film's start only a distant memory. The critics called it 'a foul bit of flatulence', but I will always maintain that it was sheer brilliance. I now know that I should have blown every one of them.

Well, dear readers, let me tell you, this threw me in to an orgasmic deluge never before experienced by humankind, one that I like to call... Kissy LaRue's anal inquisition. Well fuck me Jesus you say? Offensive? Never. Kissy is always the first lady or

tact.

After the film, I ran to a neighborhood club, where after a brief catfight with what really was an inferior dancer, I lodged myself in a gogo cage and began to furiously copulate with the musclebound specimen so provided. I slammed him again and again from behind, digging my nails into his nipples, tearing one of them off in the process. My turgid love pole pumped deeper and deeper into his hot rectal pussy, slamming his supper back up into his throat.

Perhaps this is why he barely managed a moan of pure ecstasy. Throwing his used body aside like flowers at a wedding, I marched triumphant out onto the catwalk, waiting for the applause that never came. It seems,

dear readers, that the clubgoers had indeed seen the very premiers from which I had fled, and like the fickle little bitches they are, had turned from my incandescent light to the darkness of some other ignoble unworthy of mention let alone praise.

This abnormal rejection of course, threw me into a fit of drinking and drug abuse unparalleled in human history. Thus began my transformation into the Torquemada of buttocks. In these grey days, my readers, were formed the philosophies that would direct my triumphant return to the world stage, here amid sin was born the salvation of mankind. My anal inquisition.

When I emerged from the first gyre of depravity, I was in a supermarket, alternately slathering

over the grocer's boys and the oblong vegetables. Then it hit me, dear readers. The reason boys don't like to eat their vegetables is because their mommas don't show them how to eat them with the right hole.

Seizing the moment (and a handful of zucchini), I realized an epiphany, and my course was set. O, what enlightened vegetarianism was this? O the unsuspecting grocer's boy, his tight muscles straining against his white coat, his pendulous member tucked away like imported raddichio.

In one stilleto heeled leap I was astride him, the latex of my nipples against his lips. And he could not resist. My beauty and the scent of cheap liquor envel-

oped his being, and at sixteen, knew of such pleasures that truth came down upon him like semen from the cock of God.

The zucchini entered his tightly puckered virgin ass and delivered its message of love. I left him limp and smiling among the celeri. Dearest readers, you now know that illustrious boy by the name Jeff Stryker, porn king of America.

When the amyl haze cleared from my second gyration into the netherworld where I was surely the tool of Satan (or was it on the tool of Satan? Well, who can know these things?), I found myself, no worse for the wear (Thank God for polymerised Maybeline—the drag queen series in 69 cheap and offensive

SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994

events

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Action—Rebuts invites you to demonstrate for an ecological, democratic and resourceful management of our work. Come dressed in bright colours. Feb 16 at 9:30am at the headquarters of Hydro-Quebec Daniel Johnston's office, 75 René Levesque. For more info, call 398-7457

International Socialists meeting on "Rap, Racism and Resistance" 1455 de Maisonneuve West, Room H-771, Concordia University Wednesday Feb 16 at 7:30. All are welcome.

SUBMIT! "Queery", the hot, new LBGm newsletter is accepting submissions for its March issue! Write! Write! We're looking for articles, poetry, artwork, music, clubs, restaurant, reviews, and just about anything else. Pseudonyms are acceptable, but leave us your real name and number. Leave submissions in the Queery envelope outside the LBGm office (Shatner 432)

Walksafe is sponsoring ACTION self-defense courses for women on March 12 and 13. Last day for registration is Feb. 17 — only 30\$ for McGill students! Call 398-2498

McGill Marketing Club welcomes all members to General Assembly **EXTRAVAGANZA!** Also new information that will make you rich, rich, rich (Tom Vu not appearing) Free food and fun for all and a great movie too! Wednesday February 16, 1994 at 6pm. in Bronfman Building Rm 426 (PS. Free pet food available on request)

Purim night SKY. Party on Sunday February 27, at 9 o'clockish. FREE. Sky is at 1475 St. Catherine East. Yakhdav, gay and lesbian Jewish group. For more info, call 270-4087

Tarig Hussen at Cafe Kaballah. Feb 19, 10pm, 68 east Duluth. Free Admission. For more information call 284-6642

Maxwell Cummings Lecture presents Professor Claude Meillassoux speaking on "Man is the World of Man" at 6:30pm on Tuesday March 1, 1994 at Stephen Leacock Building. All Welcome.

American Independent Filmmakers showing *Gently Down the Stream*, on March 9, 1994 Rm 129 of Education Faculty, 3700 McTavish Street

The Department of History presents Professor Norman Ingram speaking on "Is Pacifism a feminist issue?: Thoughts on the Interwar French Case" on Tuesday February 15, 1994 at 4:00pm. Thompson House, 3650 McTavish All Welcome.


Temple Emanu-El-Beth Sholom presents a discussion on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg Found Not Guilty, on Sunday, February 27th, 1994

McGill Player's Theatre presents lecture on Free Angela (Davis) based on play written by Valerie Goma. February 15, 16, 17, 19 at 8:00pm. Admission 3\$ for students, 7\$ for adults, 3420 McTavish St. Montreal, H3A 1X9

The 1994 Allan Memorial Lecture will be delivered by Hirsh Goodman, editor-in-chief of "The Jerusalem Report" on "Peace and the Strategic Balance in the Middle East" on Monday February 28, 1994 at 8:00pm, Metcalf Avenue Hall. Free Admission

The Archaeology Speakers Series will be speaking on "The Lost Julien Collection: Seven Upper Paleolithic Venus Figurines From Grimaldi, Italy Rediscovered in Montreal", on Monday February 14, 1994, 12:30-2:00pm, Stewart Biology S3-3

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Open from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 pm*



Reviewing the female condom



BY A MEMBER OF THE
WOMEN'S UNION
COLLECTIVE

It was supposed to be so much more romantic. But he had a fever and a cold, and I had meetings until late and was exhausted, and we had a mission — to try out one of the newest contraception/ protection devices on the market, the female condom. And sex becomes less sexy when it's mandated.

Foreplay was stilted, because we couldn't tell if it was for pleasure or in the interests of science. The bedroom was suddenly the site of an experiment, and I was the guinea pig. Our eyes were on the prize, so to speak, so we sat up and looked at it for a while.

After hearing one reviewer describe it as a "colostomy bag", I was surprised to find that it was actually quite small. It looks like an extra large condom, with a free floating ring inside which holds it inside the vagina in the same way a diaphragm works.

I had to insert it, because he said, "This is your article. You figure it out." It obviously interested him, though, because when I got up to go for the bathroom, he said, "Stay here. I want to witness this. I want to laugh at you." Yeah, yeah, so we've been seeing each other for too long.

Insertion was actually quite simple. No more logistically complicated than inserting an applicator-less tampon, and physically easier, since the female condom contains enough lubrication for a small army. Unfortunately, the rumour that inches of the thing are left hanging outside of the vagina is true. This is because the vagina stretches during intercourse, so it was invented to adapt.

The major argument for the female condom is that it gives the prerogative of protecting oneself against pregnancy and STDs back to the woman. It's an empowerment thing.

Well, my partner took one look at me and said, "You don't look empowered. You look silly." This was true. We tried to decide

it was just that we weren't used to it, but we came to the consensus that the female condom is objectively weird.

Let me put it to you this way. The penis is built to accommodate skin tight sheaths. The walls of the vagina are not. The vagina is muscled and pliant. When having sex with a (male) condom, the condom and penis move together inside the vagina. The condom is a barrier. This is why it's euphemistically called a second skin.

When having sex with a female condom, the penis moves inside the female condom which, in turn, moves inside the vagina. Sex becomes very, hmmm, disjointed. There is truly a third party in play.

The instructions say, "During lovemaking it is quite normal for FEMIDOM to move a little." A little? Move was all it did do. It's almost like the penis is being chaperoned by one of your parents, one who doesn't want you two together in the first place. It's more than a barrier. It's a whole new ball game.

At the very least, the female condom inspires a greater appreciation for the (male) condom. You remember it could always be worse. Those 'thick as a tire' jokes are actually valid for the female condom. The instructions, of course, say that "neither you or your partner should experience loss of sensitivity." Lies! He said he felt like he was ten years old and was fucking the couch. I felt like I was fucking a latex accordion. The problem is you're not fucking each other anymore. You're both fucking it.

Not that I understand why a guy who refuses to wear a condom is allowed in anyone's bed, but I don't think that the female condom is going to make him feel better. I had actually thought that one of the major benefits of the female condom would be its use for men whose potency withers at the prospect of donning a condom — insertion of the female condom doesn't require an erection.

Instead, my partner postulated that the female condom might be the best kind of contra-

ception: "Yeah, well, you can do this forever, 'cause I'm not going to cum."

And neither of us did, until we decided to return to what usually serves us faithfully. Did I mention that the female condom totally obscures access to clitoral stimulation during intercourse?

I know I shouldn't be so negative.

Protection against AIDS and other STDs and pregnancy is very serious stuff, and so far all we have is the (male) condom to protect us against all of them. And realistically, the female condom is the only other conceivable way to find that kind of protection. This article is not meant

to scare off those of you who are interested in trying the female condom. New ways to have safe sex add spice to life.

We did laugh a lot, which is a good thing. My partner actually thought we must have been doing something wrong, because "only profoundly stupid people could have put something this uncomfortable on the market." But it was inserted correctly, it didn't fall out, and his penis didn't get confused about where it was supposed to enter. He wanted to try it again, in the interests of science, but the strength of my forced libido had exhausted itself, and I wanted to go to sleep.

I just can't help but think that there is a reason that the (male) condom has been around for hundreds of years. The idea of it makes sense. Do you see the medical establishment going to great lengths to invent any other forms of male birth control?

And considering the myriad ways the medical establishment has come up with to "protect" women (leaving aside the issue of whether artificial hormones and sterility-causing uterine interventions can be deemed "protection"), why didn't they come up with this one before? The only answer I have is that it doesn't make sense. The question remains: if it wasn't broke, why fix it?

Aaaahhh, the clitoris

The misunderstood hood of pleasure

BY LIZ UNNA

Ask me to show you proof that God exists and I'll show you the clitoris.

Really, if God had no hand in human creation, why would the sole purpose of the clitoris be that of giving pleasure (quivering, shimmering, tremendous pleasure, the ineffable kind that roller coaster creators have been unsuccessfully trying to replicate since the 1950's...)?

While it is true that God probably wants us to fuck and procreate, the incentive He's given us to do so is so tremendously generous. I wonder whether or not He overshot the mark a bit.

This is the Age of the Clitoris. And rightly so, as the clit has been ignored and mistrusted for centuries.

Disregard for the clitoris has led to the creation of several clitoral myths in the west — that of the clitoris growing to insane lengths and being used as a penis by lesbians, the clitoris as a source of nervousness and dementia among women (symptoms which often resulted in clitidectomies), the

clitoris as a "devil's teat", proof of women's guilt during the Salem witch trials.

Another myth that has sprung up around the clitoris, around female sexual pleasure, is that of the vaginal orgasm. I can hear the voices of men protesting as they read this: 'but I've brought thousands of women to orgasm without clitoral stimulation, simply with the thrusting of my male member.'

In a sense, they have a point, the thrusting of the male member is pleasurable and can bring women to orgasm, but the pleasure definitely comes from clitoral stimulation, a necessary precondition to orgasm. The key lies in the definition, or rather in the feminist redefinition of the clitoris in recent years.

Freud (surprise, surprise) claimed that there are two types of female orgasms — the 'mature', vaginal one, and the 'immature' clitoral one, both occurring of course in women who were not 'frigid'. In the 1960's, William H. Masters and Virginia Johnson kicked Freud off the sexual throne by report-

ing one type of female orgasm, with the clitoris as the epi-center.

The clitoris is not, however, just a little bump, a mere pleasure push button as Freud would have it. Women from the Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers, frustrated by the lack of comprehensive information on the clitoris in medical texts, redefined the clitoris in the 1980's after extensive self-examination.

They discovered that in addition to its visible structures, the clitoris has internal parts which surround and extend deep into the vagina: the clitoral legs and hymen, several layers of erectile tissue, including the urethral and perineal sponges, and networks of blood vessels.

So, basically, Freud's vaginal orgasms are in reality of clitoral origin.

It's becoming more and more obvious that we are just beginning to understand what the clitoris, an extremely complex organ, is all about. So stay home from school tomorrow, declare it day of the clit, and under no circumstances get out of bed.

By L.V. & K.A.

Hey Bill!
did you know that only 20% of hetero-sexual women are able to have orgasms?

1. Don't Pounce!
When you 1st find the clit, try to cup your enthusiasm so as to keep from pouncing on it! This will only cause it to retreat...

2. I don't have the heart to tell them that only 20% of men can make a woman come.

3. Tease it, touch it, flick it, lick it.
Slowly it will become erect. Keep it wet, always.

Silly boys.

Hipary's how to make a ♀ cum

1. Keep in mind that all women are aroused by different things. There is no correct way for a woman to achieve orgasm... Listen to your partner's body, feel how it moves. Always ask what to do!

*** Circular motions might make her legs twitch. This is good + very pleasurable! When her body speeds up, move accordingly. Let her take the lead. You are merely a pleasure facilitator for now, an orgasmic provider. Keep that in mind.**

Well I'll be. I thought my wild + hairy penis was plenty.

SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994



Lesbians & gays re-invent family values

BY RACHEL GIESE
TORONTO (CUP)

William and Alan, lovers for five years, are a typical urban, gay couple. They hold down good jobs, share a nice apartment, work out daily and like to entertain. In their own words, their lives are very "traditional."

"I said to Alan the other day, 'We're becoming our parents'," laughs William. "We're getting boring and respectable. To my mom and Alan's mom, we are no different than a married straight couple. At Christmas, we get bought presents jointly. And we get invited as a couple to family events."

The couple also spends holidays with a group of friends they call "the gang". The group includes William's best friend — a lesbian and her lover of eight years, William's childhood friend Todd, who is also gay and Alan's ex-lover and his current boyfriend.

"We've spent every Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve and birthdays together for four years," says William. "In some ways we're just as traditional as our parents. And there's a sense that we'll be there for one another always. When an ex-lover of mine died last year, it was the gang who supported me and took me to the funeral."

This "chosen family" is a long-held convention in the gay community. Having a support network of friends, ex-lovers and partners is necessary when your own family may reject you because of your sexual orientation.

In his 1990 Rosh Hashanah sermon at Congregation Sha'ar Zahav in San Francisco, Rabbi Yoel Kahn celebrated the chosen family: "In the gay and lesbian community, we have recovered and renewed an ancient institution that the mobility and fragility of modern society has largely lost — the extended family. If family can be defined as the people 'who take you in when no one else will', then our families are the strongest and most enduring ever known."

"From the earliest days of the AIDS epidemic it has been our families — the non-biological, non-legally-recognized relationships and friendship groups — who took in the ones who were sick and sat by their bedsides, feeding and bathing and caring, when the rest of the world was still afraid to walk in the door."

With the United Nations declaration of 1994 as the Year of the Family, family-related issues will no doubt be at the forefront of the lesbian and gay rights movement. Christine Donald, spokesperson for the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights in Ontario (CLGRO), feels that while gay and lesbian rights deals with a number of issues, one important direction is towards the recognition of gay and lesbian relationships.

"We're a gay liberation organization and we believe in equal rights. The right to marry or not marry is one of those rights," she says. "The three biggest areas where this struggle will have an impact are immigration, AIDS and HIV support, and child custody."

This really hit home last fall when

Sharon Bottoms, a lesbian in Virginia, lost custody of her two-year-old son to her mother and stepfather. The mother's lawyer successfully argued that Bottoms' lesbianism made her an unfit mother and the child was given to the mother and stepfather even though the stepfather admitted to abusing Sharon when she was a child.

The Bottoms case has other lesbians worried that spiteful ex-spouses or homophobic parents may try to take their children away. Deneuve, a lesbian lifestyle magazine based in San Francisco, estimates a third of lesbians have children, making child custody an important lesbian issue. Many of these children are from previous heterosexual unions, but with large numbers of lesbians opting for artificial insemination (AI), we are in the middle of what some call a "lesbian baby boom."

Having children

Leslie and Susan have been together for almost ten years and have a five-year-old daughter conceived through artificial insemination.

"I knew I always wanted to have kids," Leslie says. "I talked to Susan about it as soon as we started dating. And after five years of being together we both felt ready."

The couple is 'out' to their daughter's

teachers and baby-sitters and Leslie says from day one, her daughter knew her two mommies were lesbians.

"We take on the responsibility of educating people about our situation because we want our daughter to feel comfortable and accepted," says Leslie. "So far we've had no problems."

Currently under Canadian law, only Leslie, as the biological mother, is recognized as the legal parent. According to family lawyer Rochelle Cantor, not only can't a non-biological lesbian mother adopt her partner's child, but lesbians and gay men cannot adopt children as a couple.

"At best they can get a custodial order so both parents would have a right to make decisions concerning the child's welfare," says Cantor.

And while gay and lesbian couples can take in foster children, Cantor says it's not easy. "People who want foster children or people who want to adopt are subject to home study. You can get rejected if you're not discrete. This has been more of an issue for gay male couples than lesbians because lesbians who want children tend to go the AI route," says Cantor.

Holy union

Simone is also a lesbian mom. But her situation is quite different from that of

Leslie and Susan. The father of her three-month-old son Ben is her childhood friend Laurie, a gay man. Simone and Laurie bought a house together two years ago to see how they would get along before having a child.

"I didn't want to be single mother," says Simone. "I wanted to have a baby with someone who wanted one as well. I wasn't with a partner at the time who also wanted a child. But Laurie did and he was such a stable person."

Both Laurie and Simone are, in Simone's words, "very out. Ben will always know that his parents are gay and lesbian."

The two friends plan to live together for at least four years and then will re-evaluate their situation. Simone has been with her current lover for a year and she also plays a large role in Ben's life. Simone supposes she and Laurie will eventually move out from one another to move in with their partners, but she doesn't see the separation as being a negative one.

"We won't do anything to confuse Ben and we won't do anything without our feet firmly planted on the ground."

AIDS is another reason for the increased interest in same-sex partnership recognition. Very few private companies extend health coverage to the partners of gay employees. A gay man whose partner is sick with AIDS-related illness would not be able to have his lover's medication paid for the way a heterosexual female colleague could pay for her husband's prescriptions. As well, many hospitals do not recognize same-sex lovers as immediate family and will not allow them to visit for extended hours.

In addition to these practical considerations, the disease has also had a psychological impact. "AIDS," says Reverend Brent Hawkes, "has brought a seriousness to our community. A lot of folks are losing friends and lovers and are looking for some spiritual guidance and stability."

Hawkes, the senior pastor at the gay and lesbian Metropolitan Community Church, says he is seeing more and more gays and lesbians turning to religion and long-term stable relationships.

The pastor performs gay and lesbian weddings or "holy unions" for couples who have lived together for at least a year and desire public celebration of their relationship. While many couples who opt for the ceremony are older, long-time lovers, more and more young people are coming to the church and opting for marriage.

"Our congregation crosses the spectrum," says Hawkes, "but I find the younger people are more broadly spiritual. This holds true for their unions. Older people have more traditional ceremonies with only a few guests while the younger ones have more diverse ceremonies with more people."

In fact, at a union Hawkes performed recently for a young couple, one of the groom's had his former high school principal, teachers and graduating class in attendance.

Hawkes says that many lawyers who work with lesbian and gay couples in which one member is seeking to immigrate, use



DAILY PHOTO BY JENN HARRING

Don't label me

BY JEANNA STEELE

Innocent snuggling, showering together, kissing on the lips: my best friend and I had been doing it for years. Girlie adolescent touch had been eradicated from as early as elementary school with cries and rumors of "lesbians." I upheld the status quo by being careful not to touch my friends in the "wrong" way. If you did you would yank your hand away and say quickly, "sorry." Though I didn't understand it, it was easy enough to go along with.

When I met Jade in grade 9 it all changed. Coming from a liberal, touchy family, she taught me that all the touching that had previously meant "lesbian" didn't mean anything of the sort.

She and I began snuggling together, showering together and when we kissed it was on the lips. It was, however, completely platonic. She was one of my best friends and we shared something of a common spirit. I loved her. This wasn't so strange: at this point in my life I loved a lot of people.

My relationship with Jade was special though. I'd never experienced anyone who understood me or knew me so well. Jade and I were fiery and sexy and encouraged these traits in the other. Our souls seemed forever linked.

The majority of my self-confidence came from this relationship of constant affirmation. We would talk about men and their inability to resist us and we would fantasize about what man we thought could handle the two of us. Of course no one ever measured up.

She was two years older than me and went off to college declaring herself a bisexual in my sophomore year. I missed her terribly but I had my friends at school and was happy with my hot life. Lesbianism in high school was still virtually nonexistent so I maintained my straightness while rallying behind Queer issues and arguing with classmates (mostly male) about their repressions and prejudices. I had always been extremely leftist in my politics and my friends knew it but I still go the occasional lesbian accusation.

In the summer before my senior year Jade was spending the night at my house as usual. I was lying on her breast snuggling and talking. A minute later we weren't doing either anymore. It was gentle and sensual in contrast to the men I'd been with. We knew one another's bodies so well that inhibitions couldn't get in the way and it was more passionate than anything I'd ever experienced.

Coming out

In the morning we woke up and as close we had been it was still a little weird. She had always been a bit of a leader in terms of our relationship, although we were essentially equals. That day though I took on the classic "butch" persona and she the classic "fem."

I came out as bi to my friends outside high school but it took until the end of my first year at university until I felt comfortable telling my friends from high school. At McGill I went to the coming out group to find understanding, but I had a lot of support from the people I hung out with daily and so I ended up feeling that I didn't really need it.

Today I'm out to anyone who cares to know. I don't like being slotted into a category or taking on any sort of label. I'm attracted to women and men and could fall in love with either. I guess you could just call it flexibility.

Coming out bi

BY DAVID D'ANDREA

Coming out wasn't too traumatic an event for me. Ever since I was a kid I'd been reading the sex manuals my mom had stashed away, and I was lucky enough to come away with the idea that bisexuality was a natural, healthy thing. I didn't question it when I got turned on by pictures of Ancient Greek sculptures of nude men in the encyclopedia. In fact, I was about 17 when I first actually said to myself "I guess I'm bisexual." That was kinda nervewracking but at the same time it was hot.

The first person I came out to was an ex-girlfriend of mine, when I was 18. She said, "I always figured you were bisexual, 'cause you always like girls with short hair." Maybe she had something there.

Sometimes, the hardest people to come out to are gays and lesbians. I get sick of making a point of my bisexuality and being called confused, closeted, or a whiner (for standing up for my rights as a bisexual). I end up referring to old girlfriends in gender neutral language. Then I get pissed off at myself, when it's them I should be pissed off at.

The notorious faggot

BY RYAN SARGENT

I will remember "coming out" in high school as one of richer learning experiences of my life. It was made particularly difficult by virtue of its having been entirely involuntary on my part!

Remember that shampoo commercial: "I told two friends, and they

told two friends, and so on and so on"? Imagine two thousand high school students sharing my personal life with one another in a similar fashion!

What makes me laugh is that everyone who KNEW about my sexuality had been sworn to absolute secrecy by whoever had told them. Before breaking their own vow of silence, each person would require a similar promise from those they would chose to tell... and so on and so on.

Oh, hypocrisy! The result seemed to be a seething orgy of secrecy and deception — what a circus! I can't even guess how many times my name was dropped in casual conversation tentatively and furtively, followed by a heavily loaded pause during which reactions to it were gauged, and meaningful wide-eyed glances thrown! How excited people must have been to have had fresh gossip to circulate!

It surprised me how many old acquaintances suddenly rekindled their interest in me and engaged me thus in conversation: "So... (long pause)... (anticipation rising)... what's new?"

I wasn't aware of how easily I could generate suspense simply by withholding details of my homosexuality from a conversation! These people would slink off defeated and disappointed that they hadn't managed to extract any important information about me.

Do I sound bitter? If so, it's because during the last two years of school, my status as a human being ceased and I was reduced to an object of interest and often times scorn. Almost overnight I became an interesting anomaly — a novelty item.

My name was public property and any juicy bits of information about me were gobbled up hungrily. Some of my doings even got back to ME! I was surprised to learn that I had come onto various men whom I had never heard of... (oh dear!). I was involved in a threesome with two lesbians... (Does that make sense? Who cares? It's SHOCKING!). I loved getting fisted (Ouch!), and I had AIDS (oh my!)

I remember all this with a degree of malice but mostly with a great deal of amusement. I'm thankful that I have now been able to surround myself with people who view my "gay-ness" as a part of who I am, instead of as an isolated reason to be interested or disinterested in me.

Although it's years down the line, I can't help looking forward to my high school reunion — "So," I'll say, "what's NEW?"

Border Patrol

Canada immigration doesn't recognize same-sex couples

BY SARAH O'DONNELL
VANCOUVER (CUP)

If you have a spouse or lover you want to bring to Canada, you likely won't have much trouble getting a visa — unless your partner is the same sex.

Canada's immigration laws discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation. There are no legal provisions in Canada's Immigration Act that allow a gay or lesbian Canadian to formally sponsor their partner.

Heterosexual Canadians can get their partner into the country under a spousal sponsorship clause if they are legally married. Lesbians and gays do not have that option open to them because Canada does not recognize marriages between same-sex couples as legal.

Rob Hughes, an attorney with the law firm Smith & Hughes in Vancouver, said the irony of the situation here in Canada is that "the ink doesn't have to be dry on the marriage certificate before a heterosexual couple can file an application for spousal sponsorship and [homosexuals] have to go through all these hoops just to show we have an established relationship."

He said lesbians and gays are being treated as "second-class citizens and their relationships are not being recognized by immigration. The definition of spouse simply excludes lesbian or gay partners because it refers to opposite-sex couples."

Currently, to be with their partners in Canada, gays and lesbians have to file applications as independent candidates or try to obtain temporary visitor or student status. This process can be very costly and take months.

"Over the last couple of years, some progress has been made," Hughes said.

"Recognition has been given

by immigration to allow applications to proceed on humanitarian and compassionate consideration for the lesbian and gay partners and that is done on a case-by-case basis," he said.

There are no standard procedures that program managers in the visa offices can follow, so each case is left to their discretion. The result is inconsistent decisions.

Some activists are fighting back. Court challenges have been launched against the government which argue the current regulations violate Section 15 of the charter of rights: "every individual is equal before and under the law... without discrimination based on race, national or ethnic origin, color, religion, sex, age or mental or physical disability."

But practical necessity often discourages lesbians and gays from taking the legal route.

"The problem is that nobody wants to be a test case and if you can get approved in some fashion, you choose to go that route... In a number of cases in the past, if a policy is being challenged the immigration department can simply grant the applicant status and that removes the cause of complaint," Hughes said.

The Lesbian and Gay Immigration Task Force (LEGIT) sent a report to the Minister of Immigration in May 1992 which listed six other "like-minded" countries that allow same-sex spousal visas.

In its report LEGIT points out that Australia has a visa category for "non-familial relationships of emotional interdependency," which covers same-sexed couples.

New Zealand, Denmark, Netherlands, Sweden and Norway also have immigration laws which allow immediate status to gay or lesbian partners.

continued from previous page
holy unions as proof that a couple is stable.

"Nowadays people keep records of their unions because if same-sex marriage is legalized, some benefits and recognition may be retroactive. This is not to say that I'll perform a marriage of convenience in order for someone to immigrate or get benefits."

But Hawkes makes it clear that he doesn't prescribe marriage for everyone.

"By offering to perform holy unions, we're not saying those are the preferable relationships. We need to be giving people options and that doesn't take away from other options. For heterosexuals, marriage has been the norm for centuries, but nowadays people are living together or remaining single. Gays and lesbians are doing the same thing, moving in the direction of more options."

Family outing

Carol Jewitt is also providing

gays and lesbians with options. As the chair of the North Toronto chapter of Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG), Jewitt supports and educates the families of gays and lesbians, helping them to remain connected to their gay children and siblings.

"Parents of gays and lesbians also have to go through a coming-out process, which can be difficult and frightening," says Jewitt. "We support one another and then we can go out to our communities, our churches and

synagogues and tell people we love our gay and lesbian kids."

According to Jewitt, younger gays and lesbians and those in rural or isolated areas are at a particular risk of being rejected by their families. It is these people who Jewitt feels most necessary to reach.

"Some people actually throw away their own kids. Those are the gay kids who are living on the street. And it breaks my heart to know so many of our kids had to come out alone, without our support."

Like many of the others interviewed, Jewitt says the legalization of gay marriage will be a focus of the 1990s. But she also feels the chosen and natural families that gays and lesbians currently belong to are doing just fine.

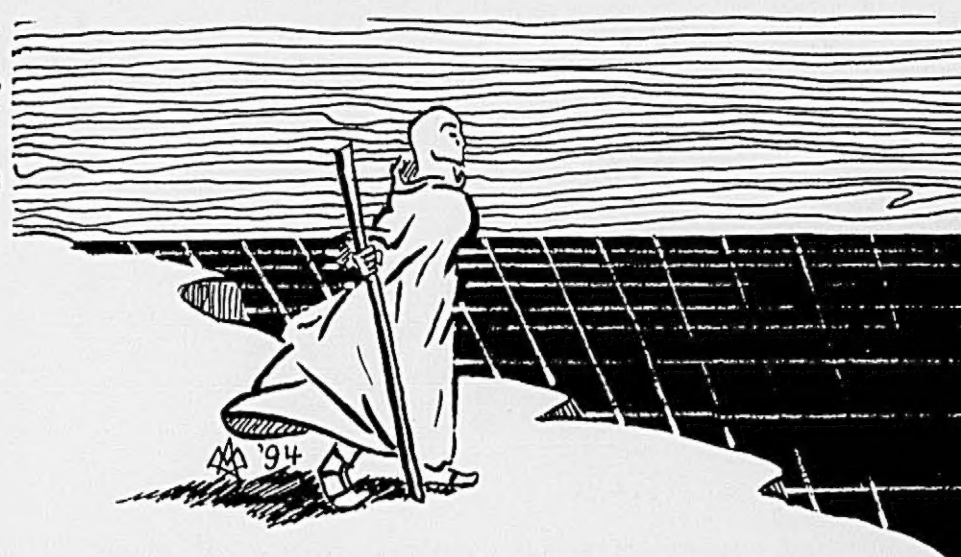
"There's been so much talk of the family," she says. "Oh my god, I hate that phrase 'Family Values'. What does that mean anyway? We even have to start with what 'family' actually means. It covers a whole spectrum of situations. Blended families. And yes, of course, gay and lesbian families."



9

SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994



Terminal sex

Humans no

A tourist's guide to newsgroup sex etiquette

Introduction:

The days of dull internet discussions about the advantage of inkjet printers are over. Cybersex has arrived. Now you can have the safe and interactive pseudo-sex without having to dial 1-976 and pay ten dollars for the first minute.

The McGill Daily posted a questionnaire on some of the newsgroups (alt.sex, alt.sex.bondage, alt.sex.boredom) to find out who is using them, what they feel about them and what turns them on.

The idea of publishing an article about the newsgroups made some of the users quite uneasy.

One answer:

"I certainly hope you don't plan on conducting the usual sort of McGill Daily article on how 'OUR CHILDREN AND STUDENTS ARE HELPING TO PROPAGATE SOCIETY'S EVIL SATANISTIC SEXUAL PERVERSIONS.'"

Another answer:

"I don't object to people who ask for erotic stories outright. My objection is to those who disguise that within a 'survey' or other verbal smokescreens....and emphasize the drooling sex pervert stereotype. I worry that view will prevail."

Upon perusing the various "nets" one will find that the posted messages are not just tales of sexual conquests but informative discussions about how to have safe and fun sex, where to buy equipment and paraphanelia, what is new and how to meet people:

"It's nice to have a group of friends to discuss things with and get support from. Other people's viewpoints on things are very interesting....[It] has a real community feel to it. People really care about eachother and want to listen. A lot of people have lunches, parties and so on with people from the group. It's real, not a bunch of people reading masturbation material and having no interaction."

Who's on the net?

Personal profile (age, sex, occupation, sexual orientation, turn-ons...in that order)

- male, heterosexual, named Jeremy, turned on by vampirism and purring.
- 29, male, het., science research, separated, none of your fucking business.
- 23, female, heterosexual, full-time student, single. Turn ons? I'm into S&M with my boyfriend. I don't know that I would say that I have any particular turn ons outside of our relationship. Sorry to be so boring.
- 45, I do not tell my gender to net.geeks doing surveys, bisexual, writer, married, S&M, mindfuck, legos, and a well-turned sentence.
- 24, female, unemployed, single, too numerous to list and what's it to you?
- male, het - so far (I refuse to predict the future), MegaZone, thunderstorms, a responsive lover.
- 38, male, bisexual, technical manager of software production, separated and waiting for a divorce (my ex-wife used to be a prolific poster to alt.sex.bondage too, and share my lifestyle fully, but then she "got religion" and insisted on separation), spanking, software hacking, whips, anal play, Johann Sebastian Bach (particularly his most cerebral music e.g., "The Musical Offering") — my range of turn ons is quite wide.

BY ADAM LEVINE

Frank!
This is your
Maker...

Max? I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO LOG OFF...

**You were
NOT!**
You can't lie to
Me.

CREATORS ARE SO NOSY.

Frank, you have to
show these people
USENET NEWS.
Run through the sex
related news-groups.

OH, MAX!! I HATE WADING
THRU THERE!
YOU KNOW I HAVE NO
GENITALIA!!

OKAY, OKAY...

HIVA! I'M FRANK THE FIREBUG
AND WE'RE IN THE...
INTERNET.
YOU CAN'T REALLY ENTER
IT, LIKE ME, UNLESS
YOU MANAGE TO GO THRU
THE SAME FREAK
ACCIDENTS.

WE START NEWS BY
TYPING:
'rn'

LET'S START WITH
alt.sex
AT NEWS-GROUP
1023 ...

HERE'S
alt.sex.bestiality
1025 ...

Yap-yap!

alt.sex.fetish. diapers
AT # 1036 ...

alt.sex.masturbation
1046 ...

alt.sex.spanking
1058 ...

alt.personals.bondage
854 ...

BY MAX FRANCISCO

ex
t required

YOURS is Not
to Question!!

Follow and
serve!!

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO USE
UNIX SYSTEMS, ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS TYPE 'g' (news-group)
FOR MUSIC YOU HAVE TO
REMEMBER THE NUMBER OF
THE NEWS-GROUP, UNLESS
YOU ENJOY SCROLLING
THRU ALL THE NEWS-GROUPS
IN EXISTENCE!

alt. sex. homosexuals
#1045

Okay, so that's it.
There is more, but
Max only had this
page... Bye!

I wonder if
Max could give
me a penis...

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The sad state of social satisfaction



11

BY KERWIN WONG

I never imagined myself as being deprived. Or depraved, for that matter. But looking through the ads in the personals section of the *Mirror*, I can't help but feel a kind of voyeurism creeping in, making me hone in on the wickedly perverse and the deliciously exotic.

And I'm not alone. The fact that the personals sections have burgeoned, in recent years, into such a thriving business for the paper is some indication that a great many others share my need to read. But the recent outcrop of phone-sex ads, all vying for attention with the mugs of lurid, cheap sub-models adds a whole new dimension to all of this.

Yes, I do believe my generation's going to hell. Or even worse — the good ol' Judeo-Christian hell we've all come to know and love won't let us in, dooming our poor, hapless souls to eternal damnation, forever walking a land replete with pay-by-the-minute phone-sex booths. Only the phones accept quarters, and there won't be any change machines to speak of.

The fact of the matter is, with all the hoopla about Generation X and the unluckiness of this, the thirteenth generation to walk North America since the first colonial settlers, we're conditioned to be doomed even if the future did suddenly brighten up. Bred to face disillusionment head on, the new line of expectationally-challenged men and women of the future know that not only is Ken and Barbie's marriage dysfunctional, but Barbie promotes an unhealthy, gender stereotyping for legions of impressionable, anorexic girls. Not to mention the fact that Ken's probably gay anyway. (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

It isn't the whole concept of "Ken and Barbie living out their wholesome, dream-life together" that's wrong, though. It's simply the sad state of reality which makes them so politically incorrect. Families are hip if you have them, but suitable substitutes can and will be found in this, the pragmatic society of the '90s. For example, this man is obviously in need of some latent doling out of postnatal nurturing.

DADDY SEEKS BABY
BiWM, 28, 5'11", 155lbs, ski adult baby, 18-30, to take temperature, diaper, powder, etc. Open to guys, girls, or couples.

But family values notwithstanding, it seems that our luck is no better than our parents' when it comes to our own relationships. Vigorously chanting the mantra "everything Hollywood puts out is the truth", we soon reach a state of nirvana in which we see a desireless reflection of the present singles situation. In the movie *Basic Instinct*, boy meets girl, girl

kills boy. Michael Douglas meets girl, add some moaning and embarrassingly well-lit closeups of his behind, and the two anti-heroic lovers live like minks forever after.

In *Single White Female*, girl meets girl, girl likes girl, girl tries to hack other girl's body to pieces. Other than the fact that Bridget Fonda ends up blowing away her roommate in self-defense, it's a pretty happy ending. (After all, her homosexual neighbor and his cat do actually survive the ordeal).

Then, there are the "unconsummated" series of movies. Take *Howard's End*, where boys meet girls... and that's just about it. Or *The Remains of the Day*, where Anthony Hopkins has a crush on Emma Thompson, but dies of old age before he dies of love. In all these movies, subtle reflections of our times, one idea is clear — none of us have an idea. Attitudes towards sex and love have become so ambivalent, that it seems that the path to a happily ever after disappeared along with the roadmaps and GEO's Customer

Roadside Assistance.

Which means out come the brave and the bold, the caring and the cold, all setting forth over new territory to sample the other alternatives life has to offer for personal fulfillment. TRANSLATED: Here come the freaks.

Take this penitent soul: "Very good looking fit GWM 30s needs severe punishment from effeminate but dominant GM. Nerds and satanists esp. desired."

Or then, there's the ever trendy, politically correct cyber-freak. "Gen-X-plorer: Dark and handsome, veggie technoid sks gorgeous monoid cybernaut for neural nibbling and ambient-luv..."

What??

Wherever this rough-and-tumble world ends up dropping us off, one thing is for sure. Amidst all the disillusionment and generational degeneration, there will always be those who still harbour the healthy misguided hope that "when you wish upon a star" or "somewhere out there", some-

body is going to come along who will cause your palms to sweat, your otherwise ulcered stomach to tie-up, and despite all this, will bring out the best inside of you for all the world to see.

Then, you will fall in love, gloat to all your miserable friends, have 2.5 children, and live in a politically incorrect love-nest... And oh yes, happily ever after. For example, the girl in this ad is looking for, "the soulmate of her life, to start out as a friendship first, leading to love and then romantic interlude. He should be honest, kind and sweet, with a sense of humour and above all, a good heart..." Ads like this restore my faith in human goodness and the romantic ideal. This person sounds like someone I would really like to meet.

"...Must also be 6'0 plus, GQ type, 225lbs of muscle and well hung."

Okay, maybe this world is going to hell.

See you at the payphones.

Kerwin Wong is rapidly running out of quarters.

Orgies and Abitibi

BY MAX FRANCISCO

People have peculiar images of what comix erotica might be. They think of spandex clad superheroes trying to keep up with rabbits or the Tijuana Bibles of the '30's.

In the past few decades, the movement to bring realism into comix has meant that sex has increasingly come into play. The depiction of women and men will have to adapt. The image of women with balloon breasts, and men with neck widths the size of tree trunks is no longer acceptable. Here is a review of two comix that try to exemplify this ideal.

Mélody

Writer Sylvie Rancourt and illustrator Jacques Boivin, with art assistance by Gabriel Morissette, have created a comic book entitled *Mélody*, which is an autobiography of Rancourt's life from rural Abitibi to urban Montréal where she became a stripper.

The first four stories have already addressed topics such as late night sexual trysts, violence against women, voyeurism, lesbian relationships, attitudes towards sex, and impotence. The story is totally disarming, however, and is presented without the pretension that is usually found in books that discuss these issues.

There is a huge cast, and surprisingly, none of them are two-dimensional. Most of the characters have very complex personalities, and with each issue a new facet of the characters is discovered.

The illustrations are in black and white, and display an incred-



ible range of expressions and emotion. There are eight issues altogether, but the first four have been collected in the volume *The Orgies of Abitibi*. (\$17.95), and the next four should be collected sometime this year. Individual issues should cost you \$3.

The Lost Girls

Writer Alan Moore and illustrator Melinda Gebbie have serialized a comic strip called *The Lost Girls* in the now defunct *Taboo* magazine. The story centers around the lives of three young women, and their sexual escapades in a lavish hotel.

The women are characters from classics of literature, featuring Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz*, and Alice from *Alice in Wonderland*.

Moore takes each character and expands on the themes that were prevalent in their respective novels — like the theme of 'maturity' in *The Wizard of Oz*, or the expansion of one's mind through drugs

in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Although the stories in these strips may not be as personal as the stories in *Mélody*, it does have the charm of outrageousness, and the beautiful pastel illustrations by Gebbie help to smooth all the rough edges.

Unfortunately, *Taboo* is off the market now that Spiderbaby graphics, the company which published the comic, is out of business. You might be able to find old editions at some of the stores listed below. Each issue is likely to cost around \$16.95.

There are numerous other erotic comix such as *Cherry* (by Larry Welz), *XXXenophile* (by Phil Foglio), *Black Kiss* (by Howard Chaykin), *Cheech Wizard* (by Vaughn Bodé), and *Omaha the Cat Dancer* (by Reed Waller).

These and the comix listed above are available in such fine bookstores as *Librairie Nebula* (1452 St. Mathieu, 932-3930) and *La Paragraphe* (2065 Mansfield, 845-5811).

SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994

Les boutiques érotiques:

Lubriques ou merdiques?

NICKY ADLE ET MARIE-LOUISE GARIÉPY

Nateurs et amatrices de plastique mal colorié, de sous-vêtements mal coupés et de cuir de mauvaise qualité, réjouissez-vous : vous habitez dans une des villes à plus forte concentration de boutiques érotiques d'Amérique du Nord. Qui d'entre nous n'a jamais rencontré en traversant la rue Ste-Catherine des boutiques érotiques aux noms aussi originaux que « Sexe Vibration », « Sex-appeal » ou « Séduction » ?

On clame haut et fort dans les tribunes médiatiques que nous vivons dans une société de consommation. Tout se vend et s'achète, le plaisir sexuel ne fait pas exception. On ne parle même pas du plus vieux métier du monde mais plutôt de ces nouveaux marchés lubriques qui ont pignon sur rue sur Ste-Catherine, St-Hubert, St-Laurent et compagnie. Les saints doivent en perdre leurs auréoles.

On s'est donné le droit à la masturbation, alors où est le mal de s'aider d'un morceau de caoutchouc qui vibre (30 \$ et

plus) ou d'un aspirateur en plastique (50 \$ et plus) ? Donc du puritanisme religieux on en est venu à la bêtise obscène. Faire un tour dans les boutiques érotiques, c'est se payer un voyage au pays du ridicule. L'industrie de la consommation est passée à l'ère du plaisir en canne mais l'ouvre-boîte est coûteux et le produit douteux.

Venons en aux faits. L'idée d'une aventure dans les boutiques érotiques avait a priori un avant-goût excitant qui réjouissait vos deux journalistes dévouées prêtes à confronter les fantasmes du *post-feminist sex*, malheureusement, l'amertume a peu à peu eu raison de nos bonnes intentions grivoises. Si vous êtes de ceux et celles qui avez déjà fait un tour dans une de ces boutiques, vous savez sans doute de quoi nous parlons. Quant à vous qui n'avez pas encore osé passer une de ces portes interdites aux moins de dix-huit ans, que le récit qui suit vous évite aux moins la déception et prévienne le choc de l'ennui que provoquent les étalages obscènes.

Mais qu'y a-t-il de si affreux



DAILY PHOTO BY MARIE-LOUISE GARIÉPY

dans les boutiques dites érotiques demandent les *nouvelles féministes* ? Les nouveaux discours sexolo-féministes à la Annie Sprinkle vous semblaient glorifier l'industrie du sexe dont les boutiques érotiques sont la fine pointe et vous vous étiez mis à rêver d'un vibreur. Ces boutiques ne sont pas le courant d'un féminisme nouveau glorifiant le corps et la sexualité féminine. Elles restent le reflet d'une image qui convient à sa meilleure clientèle, osons le dire, des hommes de plus de 30 ans.

Sans vouloir juger leur choix et goûts sexuels, il est évident qu'ils ne sont toutefois pas le prototype de la jeune génération féministe.

Venons-en aux conclusions de notre enquête. Lorsque nous avons pénétré (si, si, pénétré!) dans une de ces boutiques érotiques, nous avons eu une impression de déjà-vu. Celle que l'on a quand on rentre dans un supermarché : jambons, bananes et spéciaux de la semaine, tout y est exhibé. Les rayons « vibrateurs » côtoient les

étalages de films pornographiques, et sans oublier le summum, la pièce spéciale « sado-maso », bouclée à double tour. Après le rituel du sésame ouvre-toi, la déception se fait bien grande : pas de trésor à couper le souffle dans la caverne d'Ali Baba, mais seulement, là encore, des chaînes de mauvaise qualité et du cuir mal coupé. Car en plus, on tue des animaux pour ces conneries ! Mieux vaut militer pour Brigitte Bardot en se contentant d'un de ses vieux films semi-érotiques.

Certaines boutiques érotiques offrent même une section « gadget-cochon-parfait-pour-faire-rougir-grand-maman-à-Noël ». Imaginez : tasses, bougies et masques en forme de seins, porte-crayons et sucres d'orge phalliques et boucles d'oreilles renfermant des condoms (ah! enfin quelque chose d'utile!).

Outre ces gadgets qui font sourire, on trouve des articles carrément hilarants. Vous avez toujours rêvé d'enlacer une nymphe de 450 livres, pleine de vergetures et de couperose ? Vous la trouverez en la personne d'une charmante poupée gonflable que vous vous éreinterez toute la nuit... à gonfler. Si par contre vous fantasmez sur une petite pucelle à déflorer, vous pourrez satisfaire votre vilaine inclination grâce à un vagin de vierge en plastique. Par ailleurs, les simulations phalliques ne manquent pas non plus : petit, gros, joufflu ou phosphorescent, vous trouverez de quoi vous satisfaire. Nous avons même eu droit à la démonstration d'un vibreur surmonté d'un petit ours à la langue bien pendue destiné à la stimulation du clitoris...

Après avoir visité la première boutique érotique, la curiosité laisse place à l'ennui : ce sont des commerces qui se suivent et se ressemblent à Montréal. La société de consommation peut se révéler pathétique, surtout quand le plaisir se résume à jouer avec du plastique. Où sont ces articles vraiment érotiques qui hantent les livres licencieux, où sont ces estampes japonaises, ces herbes aphrodisiaques, bref où trouver des objets sensuels qui n'ont pas pour marque de commerce la provocation bête et simple ? Et où, surtout, trouver des produits érotiques qui ne glorifient pas le plaisir égocentrique ? Certainement pas dans les boutiques « érotiques », en tous cas pas dans leur forme actuelle. La fantaisie se trouve partout et c'est dans sa version la plus laide qu'elle se présente dans ce genre de commerce. Cherchez un peu autour de vous, votre imagination sortira de vos tiroirs de quoi satisfaire vos envies. C'est plus agréable, plus naturel et par-dessus tout moins coûteux.

Blood, ink and sex

I bent over her exposed stomach

BY SPODGE

I slowly bent over her exposed stomach and blew away a stray piece of lint. I knew she was smiling in expectation and my hands trembled slightly as I slipped them into a pair of latex gloves. Everything lay on the floor at my side, fully prepared. Vaseline, wipes, water, alcohol, needles, foot switch, ink and gun. I took a closer look at the design which was already stencilled around her navel and visualized what was to come.

"You will feel a fair amount of pain to begin with." I tried to reassure her. "But eventually your body will begin to produce various drugs and centre them upon the area."

Which is partially true. The only way to completely block out the pain would be to be unconscious, but that would be a copout of the first degree. I grasped the gun in my hand and said "I'll do the outline as quickly as possible." Then plunged the tip into her skin. She squirmed, forcing a grin to slash my face. I worked fast, but every moment gave me pleasure. The ink mixed with blood so I wiped it away to examine my work.

I resumed and she tensed up

underneath me, and she stayed like that till the outline was done. I rested my hand upon her stomach for a moment. It was unusually warm.

She wanted to take a break and I was in no hurry, so I lit a cigarette and escaped into my thoughts.

Sex. I've almost always enjoyed it, and I remembered that old line: "Is there such a thing as bad sex?" My answer used to be no, but I soon discovered huge gaps in my field of pleasure. Something was missing. I had sought to find out what it was. Too much sex? Too little? Uninspired pumping and heaving and a shortness of breath? What, one moment I would want and need it, then the next moment feel utter disgust. How could that be?

Clenching, lifting, tasting, pulling each and every movement quickened my desire. A casual glance, and arching back, cries of elation would all inspire me. So what was missing? I searched. Sex became an odyssey, but no shores were ever reached. I started to look outside the sphere of sex. I became even more physically active. Everywhere I walked I ran. I even took up swimming again.

I went to clubs and danced till

closing. No effect. I looked to music. I jammed with everything and everybody as much as possible. No again. I kept searching. I did find something though. A friend gave me a tattoo. Almost every moment was ecstasy.

It is hard to explain. The blood, the pain, the loss of fear, and a desire for it never to stop. I gained an appreciation for the body and sensation that I had never felt before. As the barrier between pleasure and pain began to disappear I felt a happiness that I thought I would never experience. I was in ecstasy.

It didn't stop there though. I soon discovered the pleasures of giving as well as receiving. For the initiate I could imagine how they might go through the steps of discovery that I did, and for those who knew, I could bring even more. Tattooing is now a part of my life that will never leave me because it will always fulfill me. Flush, ink, blood, sex. I am so happy.

The break was over. Once again I began my work, my arm resting upon her crotch. I couldn't help but smile as I pierced her skin with blackness. I couldn't help but laugh as I wiped away the blood and ink. Surely I am in heaven.



DAILY PHOTO BY JEN HARDING

Norplant: the quick fix

Women manipulated by birth control



13

BY LIZ UNNA

Women in Canada will soon be offered another option for birth control — a reversible, long-term and, according to the manufacturer, very effective option at that.

Cause for celebration? Not quite, say women's groups in the US, where Norplant has been available since 1990 (see sidebar).

"Right now the negative aspects to Norplant outweigh any positive ones," says Charon Asetoyer, executive director of the Native American Women's Health Education Resource Center in South Dakota. "Women's realities are different from ideal clinical settings. Doctors need to get out of denial and look at that, rather than just at how Norplant works."

Asetoyer's main problem with Norplant is that it has been prescribed to many Native American women without adequate counselling and with varying degrees of informed consent. Also it is being pushed on women with 'questionable lifestyles' — women with chemical dependencies or women who are on welfare. Asetoyer doesn't want to see Norplant taken off the market, but rather hopes to ensure that it is no longer used against certain groups.

"Norplant is being used as a quick fix for social problems within our society. It is a band-aid treatment which masks the issues that are related to this kind of behaviour [chemical dependency, etc.]," said Asetoyer. "Contrary to what people think, there is a domestic population policy and Norplant is the perfect vehicle for this."

Population control in disguise?

Norplant is covered under Medicaid in the US, meaning that



Mistrusted in the garden of fertility: critics say Norplant will be used to limit the reproductive freedom of women of colour and other women the state defines as "unfit" mothers.

low-income women on Medicaid have as many birth-control choices as women who are better off financially.

The issue is, however, not so simple. The costs of insertion and removal of Norplant are often not covered, and women who cannot afford to pay for removal are denied this procedure. Because of this, they are left to deal with unpleasant and possibly unhealthy conditions.

"It's not a rare occurrence. Many clinics refuse removal unless medically indicated," says Luz Alvarez Martinez, executive director of the National Latina Health Organization in San Francisco.

In the US, Norplant abuses appeared almost immediately after its arrival on the market in December 1990. In January 1991, a judge in California ordered an African-American woman charged with child abuse to have

Norplant inserted as an alternative to jail.

Since then, 13 states have tried to introduce legislature mandating Norplant for women on welfare, with the underlying theory being that Norplant is a perfect 'tool to fight poverty'. David Duke, ex-Ku Klux Klan frontperson, introduced a bill in Louisiana which would pay "a cash bounty to any poor woman who would accept Norplant along with her welfare payments."

"The message is," says Martinez, "if you're poor, you have no rights. You may not have children. It's horrifying."

Hormones for kids

Another major concern of women's groups in the US is the frequent use of Norplant among teenagers. As teenage pregnancy rates are soaring, Norplant is recommended for teenagers who

often forget to take the pill. Because it is illegal to test the drug on people under 18 years of age, there is no way of knowing what the full effects of the hormone will be on an adolescent body.

"They're pushing it as a quick fix. When you put something in a teen's arm and tell them they can't get pregnant, it's like a free for all," says Lisa Diane White, communications coordinator of the National Black Women's Health Project (NBWHP) in Atlanta.

As Norplant offers no protection from sexually transmitted diseases, White wishes condom use was encouraged over Norplant insertion among teenagers.

The NBWHP is also concerned about the link between Norplant and poverty. As it is a drug that has been recently approved in the US, the ways in which it affects women's lives

need to be closely monitored through close patient/doctor contact.

"Black women, particularly when they're poor, traditionally do not have ongoing relationships with their doctor," says White. "Who has time or money to come back every month for a check up? If you're working at a minimum wage job and you don't show up, you don't get paid."

Remedies?

To counter the use of Norplant as a punitive measure and as a means of fertility control, many women's groups in the US are lobbying their state governments to draft protective legislature for women.

"We [the National Latina Health Organization] are involved in working towards prohibiting any legal system from sentencing women to Norplant, and towards setting a minimum standard of information to be given to the Norplant user," says Martinez.

This group is also lobbying to set up a registry for women on Norplant to chart possible new side-effects which may arise among American women. "Side-effects are showing up that are not listed by the manufacturer, such as strokes," says Martinez.

Another recommendation is that the cost of insertion and removal be covered in one all-inclusive fee, so that women can have it removed whenever they want. "It is basically forced temporary sterilization if Norplant is not removed at the woman's request," notes Martinez.

With Norplant soon to arrive on Canada's shores, health care providers and advocacy groups here should turn their attention southwards to avoid any potential abuse of the drug. It remains to be seen whether Norplant will fare as badly here as it has in the US.

What is Norplant?

Norplant consists of six small silicone-coated rods, which are inserted into the woman's upper arm for a period of up to five years. The rods each contain 36 mg of progestin, a synthetic hormone which prevents pregnancy by inhibiting ovulation and thickening cervical mucus.

"This drug is just a different delivery system of a drug that's been on the market for years," says Joanne Ford of Health and Welfare Canada, referring to oral contraceptives, which contain estrogen in addition to progestin.

Norplant is effective 24 hours after insertion and is immediately reversible after removal. Insertion takes place in the doctor's office using a local anesthetic and requires two visits

and ten minutes. Removal takes a bit longer.

According to the World Health Organization, about four out of every 100 users of Norplant are likely to become pregnant, with the effectiveness gradually decreasing in women who weigh over 154 pounds.

Norplant is contra-indicated for women with acute liver disease, breast cancer, and blood clots in the eyes, legs or lungs. The most common side-effects are breakthrough bleeding, sometimes constant bleeding, weight gain and nausea.

There are also reported cases of the capsules traveling inside the body and keloids, or scar tissue, forming at the point of insertion. The long-term side effects have not been accurately docu-

mented, according to several women's groups in the US (see accompanying article).

Finland was the first European country to market Norplant in 1983 and many have followed suit since then. Groups such as the US Population Council (not-so-fondly referred to as the Population Control Council, by certain women's groups) have undertaken widespread Norplant insertion projects in "third-world" countries, India for example.

"It will be available in Canada sometime in the first part of March," said David Chown, director of Government Affairs at Wyeth Ayerst, Norplant's sole distributor in North America. "We will be selling it for \$450, which is very competitive in terms of the US price

(\$US 350)."

The price does not include insertion or removal, and will not be covered by the provincial health care systems. Whether or not Norplant will be covered in Canada for people on welfare, as are oral contraceptives, remains to be seen.

If it is, Norplant will only be available to women on opposite ends of the income spectrum, those on welfare and those in high income brackets.

"Women in the middle, who can't lay down \$500, will be left out," says Dr. Tellier, director of McGill student health services.

According to Tellier, Norplant will be available at McGill as soon as one of the physicians gets trained in insertion and removal procedures.

SEX & SEXUALITY

Valentine's Day, 1994



Herstory on South Asian sexuality

BY RIMA BANERJI

A predominant myth in western society is that it is somehow more sexually liberated than world majority nations, that regions such as South Asia are more repressive and conservative when it comes to discussions about sexuality. The commonly held belief is that gays and lesbians are more visible in the west, that being queer is itself a western phenomenon.

Yet a look at South Asian herstory/history clearly indicates that gays and lesbians have always existed in the region; moreover we were assigned special status in Hindu and Muslim society as auspicious beings.

Homosexuality was a socially recognized fact. It only received heightened attention as a political issue with the arrival of British colonizers in India, who outlawed male homosexuality in 1861 through section 377 of the Indian Penal Code. This was part of the colonial mission of im-

posing a higher (English) moral order, since the imperialists saw themselves as introducing civilization to India.

Effectively, with the criminalization of homosexuality, the British succeeded in stigmatizing a community of queers who were an important part of South Asian spirituality. Although there is not much information available about Muslim perspectives due to Hindu bias, a survey of Hinduism shows that there was strong presence of same sex eroticism pre-colonially in literature, philosophy, and art.

Intimate sensual contact between females was considered vitalizing, strengthening the Shakti (female energy) of each woman.

According to Giti Thadani, a New Delhi researcher, pre-patriarchal Hindu thought emphasized the powers of the female principle as symbolized by the triangle. The triangle represented Yoni, or the womb, the infinite source. An element of this triangle was the presence of female

twins, signifying fusion:

"The notion of twins or jami also signifies, in various texts, homosexuality. This triadic system goes back to a family structure in which there is a notion of multiple mothers. Sexuality was based on pleasure and fertility, but not on progeny.

"Phallic discourse only appeared with progenic sexuality. So the first notion of heterosexuality appeared under terminology of a-jami, that which is not jami, which is not paired, fused as it is in the notion of homosexuality," said Thadani.

The Kama Sutra, a classic book about sexual pleasure, has a chapter devoted to Auparishtaka, or gay sex, and vividly describes oral stimulation:

"When a man and a woman lie down in an inverted position...and carry on oral sex...it is called kakila; this term is also applicable to oral congress between two males as also to two girls or women."

Lesbian acts are also men-

tioned in the two epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. A passage from the Ramayana

With the criminalization of homo-sexuality, the British succeeded in stigmatizing a community of queers who were an important part of South Asian spirituality.

poetically describes lesbian love: "Their aroused passions drove these women to make love to their companions...clinging amorously to one another, with

arms entwined, the slender-waisted women lay together."

Lesbianism was affirmed as a sign of connection to Shakti. It led to heightened consciousness and was believed to have accelerated the process of reaching enlightenment.

Communities of strong, woman-identified women, such as the devadasis (temple dancers) and ganikas (courtesans) fostered lesbian bonds but were targeted by British reformers and criminalized, as were male homosexuals, at the turn of the century. Fortunately, they also resisted the imposition of British Victorian norms and until today they maintain their woman-identified traditions.

Queer identity, once valued and held in high esteem, was devalued considerably with the arrival of British colonialism. Reclaiming and recognizing the rich herstory of devadasis, ganikas, lesbians and gays is necessary for reinstituting queerness as a positive force in South Asian culture.

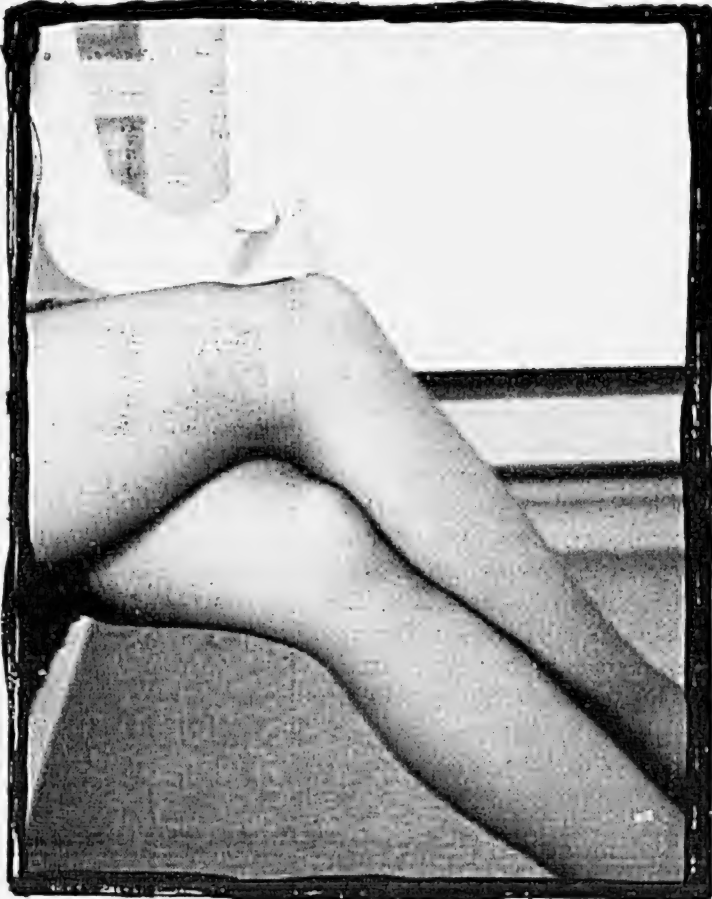
A French Venus in the libido of anglophones

BY THOMAS LAVIER

In the erotic imaginary of anglophones, Venus' mother tongue is French. Her incarnation is, say, Juliette Binoche, perfumed in Chanel, sitting at the terrace of a café sipping negligently a cognac. French words and imagery blossom in the English erotic language. They are love flowers which come out, inadvertently, in the most intimate moments.

When I was a little *polisson*, I use to love 'Pépé le peuuww'. I would watch in acute amazement this french-accented, *nonchalant* and tender skunk court a wild cat. I would eventually repeat the scene with little girls of the neighbourhood. I would tell them "Ze girl iz playing ard tou gette, hmmm" while kissing them tenderly in the neck. Immediately, though instinctively, I understood the erotic power of the French language. However, I did not suspect the wonders of the universe it bred.

This French gift remained unexploited until my fourteenth



Ooh la la

year, the year I met my initiator. The girl was from Toronto. She was older, more experienced.

Ironically, she taught me the mysterious aphrodisiac dimension of my mother tongue. She

would whisper in my ear, "talk to me in French," and shiver at each word spoken from the height of my Parisian accent. After a few weeks of exploration beyond the frontier of french kissing she asked me, "voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?"

O tender and flaming Clare, I'll always remember the instant she told me, after our first love night, "Je vous aime".

My erotic manhood, like many others, was characterized by the mastering of the French erotic lexis. Now, I know everything about french ticklers, lingerie, *ménage à trois*, etc... My girls were my *chéries*, my *bébés*, nothing less.

If erotism was a science, its precepts would be written in French. One of them is mastering french *fine cuisine*, which ignites an orgasmic atmosphere. Chasing a drop of Bordeaux on a naked breast of a *demoiselle* with a *connaisseur* tongue is an image that seems to be born in France. Among other examples, there is the philosophy of the *boudoir*, taught by the *marquis de Sade*, another Frenchman.

French is the language of the

libido among anglophones. It is stimulated by the thought of french lace, or a *corsage*. In fact many french expressions, provided the right mood, have a *je ne sais quoi* of erotic. Is it the french *genre*? The french *joie de vivre*? The french *savoir faire*? If its underwear, it has to be *Dim*, or *Chantelle*. Wine? A little *Bordeaux*, a *Côte du Rhône*, or a *Sauterne*.

Even in popular culture, the french lover seduces, like the *chandelier* with the *Maurice Chevalier* accent in *Beauty and the Beast*. My French origins triumph at this very thought. It would be forgetting, though, this very reasonable thought, expressed by Shakespeare: "What is in a name? A rose would smell as sweet by any other name." What is in a language? Is it ever anything more than precisely what we invest in it?

However *blasé* this thought might leave us, these words should refresh us, as professed by the character of possibly the greatest french author, Marcel Proust, "*L'amour? Je le fais souvent, mais j'en parle jamais.*" In French or in English.

Doctoring themselves

A history of women's contraception

BY JOYA BALFOUR

In Egyptian papyrus, dating back to 1550 BC, contains the first known recording of a method of contraception. It describes a mixture of acacia, honey, and the tips from a native shrub which was to be inserted into the vagina as a suppository.

For almost as long as there have been women, there have been contraceptive yarns and devices.

In Ancient Greece, non-procreative social practices were encouraged to limit population growth.

The city-state could only run smoothly if the population was controlled, and many men remained celibate and those who married produced small families. Concubinage, withdrawal, and abstinence were common practices. Soranos' *Gynecology*, written in the second century AD, contains detailed reference to vaginal plugs, tampons, and suppositories.

Birth control in the Islam world was similar to that of Greece, in large part because their greatest physicians studied its methods and advanced new techniques. Islamic theology regarded, and continue to regard today, sex and sexuality as a naturalistic phenomenon which is not to be tabooed or frowned upon.

Romans frequently used herbal contraceptive teas, douches, prophylactic talismans, barrier methods such as cedar gum, and abortifacients.

Once the patriarchal Judeo-Christian society became prevalent in Western Europe, the "will of God", by which "thy desire shall be subject to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee" (Genesis 3:16), stipulated that women were to be slaves to their husband's urges, regardless of motherhood.

This blatant misogyny dominated the Western culture to the point where women felt inadequate and worthless if they dared to deny their husbands' "conjugal right", which denied the woman the right to accuse her husband of rape.

Augustine of Hippo (AD 354-430) was a powerful bishop who had much influence on early Christian dogma concerning birth control. He elaborated that intercourse itself was not evil, it was the lust that accompanied it.

Sexual relations were solely for the purpose of procreating, and pleasure even within marriage was considered a sin. Contraception therefore prevented children, which for the Church meant going against "God's plan".

Procreation became an obsession of medieval society, one where young girls were often married at twelve years of age and had their first child a year later. Women who did practice fertility control did so for health reasons, and in secret.

Medieval misogynists believed contraceptive practices were used to protect the beauty or reputation of the woman. Religious holy days, and during times of pregnancy and nursing, were justified by the Church as the only acceptable reasons for continence.

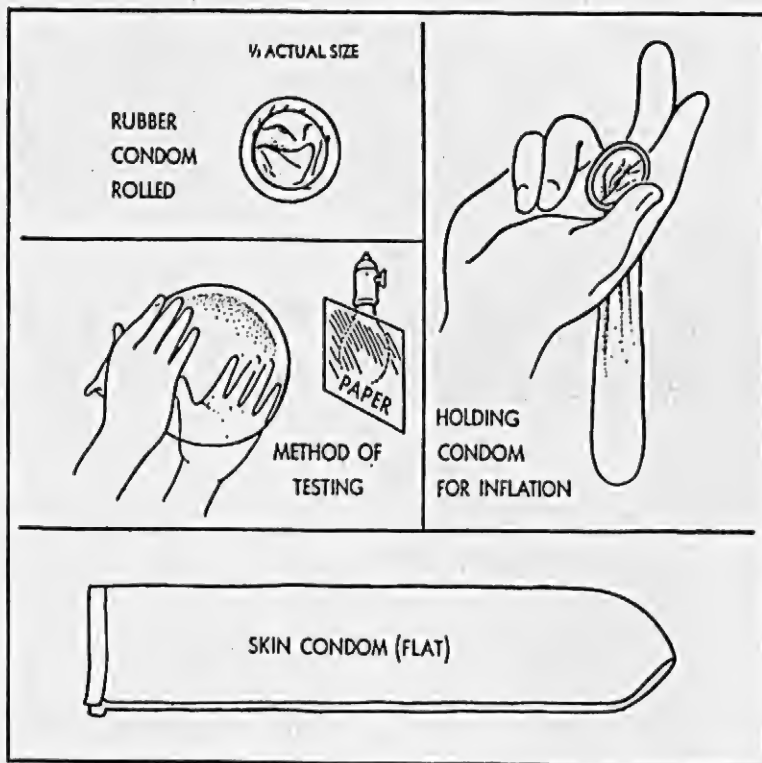


FIGURE 12: The Condom.

Much like their female predecessors, medieval women also employed teas and pessaries to prevent pregnancy. In light of the failure of these methods, violent abortive methods were practiced, using clothes, dancing, blows, potions, or otherwise.

The earliest mention of a condom-like device was made in 1564 by Gabriello Fallopio (hence the *Fallopian tubes*), but it was not until the early 1700's that these "preservatives" were used as barriers to procreation.

Made from animal bladders or fine skins, the condom magnified the role men played in procreation.

In seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France, anti-clericalism, female solidarity, and a growing concern by husbands of their wives' health led to a new morality which rationalized the use of contraception. TR Malthus's *Essay on Population* (1798) attributed misery and poverty to over-population, which itself indirectly advocated the use of fertility control.

Condoms, which during the early nineteenth century were still being made from animal intestines, were costly for the lower classes, whose fertility rate was deemed necessary to control.

Sponges remained the most popular method at that time, but through the publicity surrounding the vulcanization of rubber in 1844, cheap rubber condoms became available in the United States.

By 1882 the innovative diaphragm was put into practice, usually accompanied by douching, to prevent unwanted pregnancies. The Industrial Revolution also brought with it the development of acidic powders and jellies used to block and kill sperm. These suppositories could be bought at a drugstore or, in some instances, concocted at home.

The dramatic rise in abortion from the mid-nineteenth century onwards meant more and more women were choosing to limit their family size or prevent the birth of an illegitimate child.

In France at the end of the century, reports claimed that 100, 000

to 500, 000 abortions a year were performed.

The Church at that time either condemned or simply ignored all new ideologies on contraception. Contraception was considered symptomatic of all that was progress: industrialization, socialism, and feminism.

The suffragette movement greatly aided the cause of contraception, even though most of its leaders were against it. Dr. Marie Stopes (1880-1958), the first English woman to receive a doctorate in paleobotany.

Her 1918 book *Married Love* mentioned birth control only in passing, but her readers responded in great number and told of inability to use birth control as a prime reason for marital woes. Her second book, *Wise Parenthood*, contained diagrams of the human reproductive systems and descriptions of various contraceptives.

After the war, family planning clinics popped up all over western Europe and North America. These clinics helped the families of the "baby boom" to maintain healthy living patterns, by counselling, medical attention, and necessary contraceptive information.

In 1951, Gregory Pincus of the United States discovered that progesterone prevented ovulation, and began research into creating the first synthetic hormone. By 1956 the "pill" was being tested by women in Boston and in Puerto Rico.

The oral contraceptive pill was accepted by the Food and Drug Administration in 1960. This invention helped to launch an entire moral and sexual revolution that sought to recognize and liberalize sexual practices, including premarital sex, homosexuality, and a woman's right over her own body.

Recently, new contraceptive devices have improved vastly the success rate of preventing pregnancy. Norplant and experimental methods such as skin patches, Nal-Glu, antifertility vaccines, female condoms, as well as a vast array of male contraceptive devices have broadened the existing birth control choices for both women and men.

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CANDIDATES MEETING

All candidates are advised to attend a general candidates information session to be held on Feb. 15, 1994, at 5:00 pm in Room 310, William Shatner University Centre, 3480 McTavish

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Summer of '86

The only Men's Movements you need to know are stroke and thrust

It was the summer of '86, and I could feel my boy's body bursting into manhood. My body hair sprouted like spring growth from my nether regions. The spurts of physical growth had not yet racked my body, but that wasn't important. I realized my fundamental shift to manhood on a balmy day in rural Nova Scotia.

Jeff and I were exploring the outer limits of our boyhood universe on our trusty Schwinn chargers when we happened upon an abandoned school bus, standing alone in the middle of a field. After dismounting, we approached the wheel-less hulk and passed through the folded open doors. Once within the ancient bus, we clove to each other. Our bodies moved closer as we walked up the aisle. The air was heavy with virility inside the vacant bus. Before I knew what had happened, I had Jeff pressed down on a vinyl seat. My tongue set to work lapping the sweat off his pubescent brow.

"Wennis, what are you doing?" he gasped.

I didn't answer, but buried my face in his sweaty shoulder and peeled his constrictive shirt away. He was more developed than I was; his body hair was darker and heavier. I felt a bit envious but couldn't stop stroking it.

"Whatever it is, don't stop," he moaned as he struggled free from his jeans and slid his tender young cock into my mouth.

I wrapped my lips around his jizzisicle and slid them up and down the maypole. I could feel my chin brushing against the curly fronds of Jeff's pubes, those soft tendrils of manhood. His hips swayed gently, and before I had settled into our rhythm of love, his manly floodgates burst, rinsing my mouth with virgin seed.

I peeled his sweaty body off the dead-lizard green vinyl seat and took his place there. His sweat glued my back to the seat,

and I couldn't move as his lips flew ravenously across my young, smooth chest. As his tongue probed my mouth, I could feel the man awakening within my boyish psyche. His form emerged from the dark pool of my unconscious, sending homoerotic ripples across my soul.

I wildly thrust my cock into Jeff's mouth, and he took all four inches unflinchingly. I stabbed at his hole as if I were spearing a wild boar in an ancient rite of passage.

"Kill the pig! Kill the pig! Cut his throat!" I screamed as I slammed my roman candle down his throat. He lay heavy and fulfilled upon me, panting hot breath on

my downy scrotum.

— Richard Truehard



DAILY PHOTO BY JENN HARDING

We asked for submissions on sex. Here's some of what we received...

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO I had a girlfriend who enjoyed it when I pulled her hair when I was making love to her. Sometimes just tugging but other times quite aggressively. It kink of surprised me at the time, or maybe shocked is a better word, as this led to a series of emotions and activities that were not very socially correct but which I found were extremely pleasurable for the both of us. Then, one day about three months ago, I awoke from a vivid sexual dream in which I was making love to a woman in a rather aggressive manner; overpowering her, controlling her using all my power. I did not wake up in a panic, I was not sweating nor was I anxious, just aroused. It was not violent, it was not abusive; but it was not polite.

These are just two examples of a number of experiences that have led me to question and experiment with my own sexuality. I've been able to do that because of the great luck I've had in being with lovers that have few inhibitions about experimenting with their own feelings. It's not as if I'm working out any neurosis or psychological imbalances with these sexual acts. I was just as satisfied with my sex life before I began to know this other part of me, and it is hardly the only manner in which I enjoy lovemaking now. Making love that involves domination or bondage or blindfolds or dressing up or whatever works for you is not appropriate every time one makes love, nor with every lover that one has. In my mind, love making and relationships are something that involves two people, whether that be woman to woman, man to woman or man to man is irrelevant. That love making and relationships have to exist as a creation of those two people who are sensitive that their actions are mutually pleasurable, mutually desired. But, after that I don't think there are any rules.

Why then do I sit here in the computer room nervous that someone will read what I am writing about these sexual desires? because they involve things that are not allowed. They involve emotions and activities that have been stamped 'obscene' by the censor board of the cultural norms of our society, our collective unconscious if you like. I don't feel there is anything wrong with the acts of domination and bondage that I have participated in. I know that this feeling is mutual as I have a record of being pathetically sensitive about initiating sexual activities with my past lovers.

I think that one of the things that we who are involved in various progressive social movements can learn from the Lesbian and Gay communities is that there is still much room for breaking down the rules and regulations about sexual interaction between individuals. Not all of it pretty, as many of the sexual activities people in those communities openly involve themselves in very controversial; involving abusive domination, sadomasochism and much more. While I don't personally condone or negate these sexual activities I think the process of expressing ourselves sexually can only be a healthy one, as we recognize parts of ourselves that have always existed but were never allowed to surface to our conscience. I've begun to really appreciate the manner in which these communities have proclaimed their new sense of shameslessness and pride in their sexuality. Maybe we have something to learn from that. Perhaps to be more accepting in our own views of sexuality, both on a social level and on a personal one. It is especially important for us in the progressive movements of our society to be conscious of these ideas; as I've begun to feel that many of the implicit views of sexuality that are deemed socially-correct are actually rather puritan and conservative.

Sex in the nineties

I MOVE THROUGH LIFE and love it. I love being alive more than anyone I know. I think I want to die because I love it so much. A death wish runs fast and hard under my skin, pushing outwards and then retreating.

I also love sex. I don't like kinky sex, or sex in numbers — to me sex between two people over a period of time is ultimately more exciting than bestiality or one-night stands. I've had a lot of sex with few people and I love it.

The problem is, I can't separate the two, this death wish and this sex wish. The two are the same. The most creative act in human life is no different from its destruction. When I have sex, I accept my death.

I was in his bed, enveloped in his air, moving to his breath. It was dark and warm and when he whispered into my ear, my mind protested, brief and sharp. Then something turned over in my brain, turned over and died perhaps. And I thought, yes, for you, for this, I am willing to die. I am right now willing to forsake my life for you.

But then I get my AIDS test, my STD tests, and I pray please please don't let me die, next time I will be good. Next time I will be good means that next time I won't have sex. But in the back of my mind I know that because I had sex, I deserve to die. And I feel guilty for letting myself die such a death, a death brought on by pleasure and heat. I feel guilty for thinking that the pureness and intensity of our love transports us out of the vile world of disease and makes us invincible.

Anal inquisition, continued

...Continued from p5

shades). But where was I? Then it dawned upon me. I was in the Athletics department of McGill University. To be more precise, I was in the men's locker room.

Oh what bliss and luck was this. The scent of many feet and crotches filled my nostrils with such joy as I have never known. The lockers were in a disarray, jock straps thrown carelessly everywhere. As I examined them closer, my ears became aware of soft moans coming from the

showers.

Slipping off my clothes, I strode into the showers wearing nothing but my leather G-string and my stilleto heels, my fire red wig trailing behind, a halo of pentecost. There I found a mass of naked, built bodies, evidently one of the university's teams, stroking each other's members, oblivious to my presence.

I grabbed the first roughly, shoving my fist deep into his ass, showing him the true meaning of all pleasures. He bucked, trans-

fixed by my forearm. The others fell back, gasping in amazement. I took my cue, and spun, dropping the g-string and throwing my already erect cock into the nearest mouth.

The shower was a scene of total confusion, and the sexual tension was as tight as my surgically altered asshole. It exploded into an orgy of cocksucking and assfucking unparalleled in human history. Well, mary, let me tell you, I never sucked or fucked such animals in my life. They ate

my shit and drank my piss like piglets to a sow. And what a prize sow, the mother off all offspring, to nourish them with her golden sustenance.

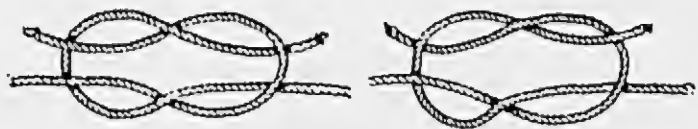
That afternoon, the team learned some pretty important tactical maneuvers, unlike any they had before. Legality prevents me from discussing this further, but just you know that that day, Kissy showed a few of today's star athletes that brotherly love taken one step further, as well as a constant diet of se-

men really can help make a career (as a male prostitute if not a pro athlete).

Well, children, that's all I have time for today, so farewell. And by the way, that film was reissued, and reedited under the name The Ten Commandments, after which it became the classic we know and love today. Be sure to tune in next time when Kissy explains how Citizen Came was renamed after I blew Orson Welles (he may have been ugly but he was hung like a donkey).

Queer listings

COMPILED BY JAMES EDWARDS



Social and community

The Montréal Gay and Lesbian Centre

1355 St. Catherine E., 2nd floor
tel: 528-8424
The centre of Queer life. Open every day with fun and games for all

Association des Gais et Lesbiennes Latin Américains

tel: 524-8424
This group of Latin queers meets Wednesday nights at 22h00.

Gay AA

tel: 376-9230

Concordia Queer Collective

2020 Mackay
Annex P room 102
tel: 848-7414
Regular meetings every Friday. General discussions groups meet at 2090 Mackay in room Z105-106. Both groups meet at 17h30.

Lesbians, Bisexuals, Gays of McGill.

3480 McTavish, room 432
McGill Shatner Building
McGill queers have a great time.

Lesbian Gay Bisexual Association of UQAM

tel: 987-3039

Le Triangle Université de Montréal (Gai et Lesbienne)

tel: 343-6532

Concordia QUAC (Queer Academic Coalition)

Contact: Jeff Lord
tel: 937-3207

West Island Gays

P.O. Box 53112
360 Dorval Ave.
Dorval, Québec

Village Community Church

The only church which thinks you're normal. Meets every Sunday at 19h30 at 12112 Panet, room 201.

Réseau d'Action pour les Droits des Gais et Lesbiennes (REDA)

1350 du Fort, room 1208
tel: 939-7226, fax: 939-8851
This nifty group fights for queers everywhere

Bisexuals

Bi discussion group
tel: 398-6822

Group meets every Wednesday at 17h30 on the 5th floor of the Eaton building at McGill. A small friendly group concentrating on bisexual-oriented issues.

Bi-the-way

tel: 521-1316
A McGill discussion group for bisexual women. Women-only meetings every Friday at 20h00. Men and women meet on the third Friday of every month.

Sports:

Team Montréal '94
P.O. Box 726 tour de la Bourse Station Montréal, H4Z 1J9
The Gay games in New York City will be the moment of the decade. Hunks from all over will compete for gold. Help send our girls and boys to victory.

Support and discussion

Gai écoute — Français
tel: 521-1508
De l'aide quand vous en avez besoin

Gay line — English

tel: 931-8668
Help in a time of need

Lambda Jeunesse Youth

2006 rue Plessis
tel: 528-7535
A coming out support for youths aged 18 to 25.

Project 10

tel: 989-1885
A coming out support for youths aged 14 to 25

Yakhdav

tel: 487-2880
Gay and Lesbian Jewish organization
Sundays to Fridays. 9h00 to 16h00

Medical

Clinique l'Actuel
1259 rue Berri, room 520
tel: 845-1333, fax: 845-0556
Great advice from gorgeous doctors. One-stop clinic for all your Lesbian and Gay health needs.

Drs. Goldberg, Leblanc, and Rosengran

3545 Côte des Neiges, room 023
tel: 935-1197, fax: 935-1310

Lesbo info:

Jennifer, tel: 722-1786

Centre for AIDS services of Montréal for Women

1168 St. Catherine Ouest, room 202
tel: 954-0170

Lesbians:

Lesbian relationship discussion group
For info contact the Concordia Women's Centre, tel: 848-7431

A support group for lesbians who are in or have been in abusive relationships.

Lesbian mom's support group

tel: 274-8995

Other:

Project Access
3537 St Laurent, room 507
tel: 982-0083

CUSA housing

tel: 848-7425
Queer listings available.

AIDS/testing:

TransAIDS
Transsexual and Transvestites with AIDS
tel: 282-9888

CLSC Metro and CLSC Centre-Ville

1550 de Maisonneuve Ouest
Metro Guy
tel: 934-0354
Offers anonymous testing and counselling.

McGill Health Services

tel: 398-6017

Alternative Clinic

2034 St Hubert
tel: 281-9848
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Pornography and Censorship

The McGill Daily is hosting a showing of the film "Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography" and a subsequent panel discussion. Confirmed speakers include Susan Dwyer, Professor of Philosophy; Jacques Boivin, Illustrator for *Melody*; Astrida Neimanis, Co-Coordinator of the Sexual Assault Centre, and others. Thursday, Feb 17, 20h00 in Leacock 132. All are invited to participate in the discussion. For info, or if you want to appear on the panel, call the Daily at 398-6784.

Project 10 helping queer youths

BY ALEX MATHIAS

In the world of adolescence and high school, "faggot" and "dyke" are the ultimate insults. Teenagers work full time to "fit in". For young lesbians, bisexuals and gays, fitting in can seem impossible.

Project 10 is a Montréal-based support group for youths aged 14 to 25 who are questioning their sexuality. Started two years ago, Project 10 is named for the estimated 10 per cent of the population which is homosexual.

Almost forty per cent of adolescent suicides are related to sexual orientation. Project 10 works through private counselling and group sessions to raise the self-esteem of its members, so that they are less likely to engage in self-abusive behavior, or consider suicide.

According to Donald Cyr, coordinator of Project 10, the youths who participate often open up very quickly, but are not pressured to "come out" if they are not ready. Youths are encouraged to weigh the advantages and disadvantages before telling family and friends. Most of the youths "err on the side of caution" says Karen Cox, another coordinator of the program, since they are well aware of homophobic attitudes.

Cox maintains that the group tries to stay away from labels.

"Sexuality isn't black or white. It's an aspect of many identities." Dot Wojalski, also a Project 10 coordinator, adds that queer labels "are so stereotypical. The queer bars are not very representative of the diverse community."

This group is often the only alternative "meeting-place" for queer youths who don't like the bar scene. According to Cyr, friendships build within the group and that gives them the confidence to start other relationships.

In one of the group meetings, directed at 18 to 25 year-olds, some of the members share their experiences.

"When I first came here, I was glad to see that I wasn't alone," says Stefan. When he talks about other people's negative reactions to him being gay he says, "I try to be as delicate as possible. But as the saying goes, 'you can't please everybody'". Stefan is giving a presentation to the group next week about what it's like being gay and being in a wheelchair.

Chantel M., 21, is one of the few group members who told her parents she is homosexual and received a favourable response from them. When she told her friends she was a lesbian, "they thought it was cool." When she came to the group she wasn't sure of her sexuality, but wanted to see if she would "fit in" with other lesbians. Project 10 has



helped build her confidence.

Shade, 25, talks about how he deals with homophobia differently since he has been coming to the group. "Now, I can identify my own anger, ... feel my own feelings."

He now lives away from home, and recalls the time he told his parents he was bisexual. "They exploded. They told me to get out of the house. I was staying at a friend's house... Then I got a phone call. They'd asked me where I'd been. They pretended that nothing had happened." Later on, he realized leaving home and severing ties with his parents was an option for him. "I chose me over them. I'm a lot happier now," he says.

Most of the group members have heard of similar experiences queers had had with their parents after "coming out". But Cyr says, "Parents go through a coming out phase as well. I don't think it's appropriate to expect a parent to accept within a month or a couple of years even." He thinks it's important that youths give their parents time to accept the fact, adding that it took his family several years.

Adam, 20, who is now living away from his parents, says he is changing.

"You realize yourself more when you are alone. There's more opportunity for self-reflection," he said.

The co-ordinators of the group mention that very few of the group members are still living with their parents. They have started talking at high schools to attract younger people who may be feeling extremely isolated — they think sensitizing teachers is especially crucial.

Project 10 is funded by a grant through the Québec Ministry of Health and Social Services for HIV and AIDS prevention, not specifically for homosexual support services. The grant, however, has to be reapplied for on an ongoing basis. Cox describes the money as being used from "hand-to-mouth" and often wishes there was a more permanent means of financial support.

For more information about Project 10, call 989-1885.

— with reporting by Carol McQueen, the Concordia Link

Blood flows at meeting

SSMU rescinds blood drive motion

BY CHRIS SHERIDAN

The wound just keeps on festering as debate over the blood drive opened up once again at last Thursday's Students' Society meeting.

SSMU councilors and students exchanged words over a motion to rescind Students' Society's November decision to ban blood drives from campus.

Thursday's motion, put forth by Arts reps Liane Thomas and Corey Cook, Medicine rep David McCaughey, and Athletics rep James Stewart, was passed by a 15 to 10 margin.

The Canadian Red Cross (CRC), the blood drive sponsor, came under fire from Montréal's gay community last October over the specific wording of its blood drive questionnaire. The questionnaire is designed to exclude sexually-active gay men from giving blood because they are considered a high-risk group for contracting the AIDS virus, HIV.

After a long presentation by CRC regional director Dr. Gilles Delage, who defended the questionnaire, a number of issues and points of contention were raised.

Mary-Margaret Jones, a member of Lesbians, Bisexuals, and Gays of McGill (LBGM), came down hard against the motion saying that since SSMU's decision in November, the CRC never contacted any LBGM members to discuss the wording of the questionnaire. After pressuring Delage to give a "yes or no answer" as to whether the CRC would meet with members of the gay community, Delage said he could not answer either way.

Jones also pointed to a recent survey of gay men in Montréal, which showed that 54 per cent of them had never had anal sex, as proof that gay sex is often misconstrued by straight people.

LBGM member Chris Carter supported Jones's claim. "I don't go around bonking every gay man I know... I have never had unprotected sex. Why can't I give blood? That is the essence of discrimination."

He added that approximately 1/1600 pregnant women, compared to 1/2000 sexually-active gay men, in Québec are infected with HIV. Carter wondered why pregnant women were not screened in the same way gay men were.

Jones believed favouring Thursday's motion would go against the anti-discrimination clause in the Students' Society's constitution.

She said the motion failed to address the concerns of most gay students at McGill and wondered when students were going to take discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation seriously.

She urged councilors to vote against the motion, "Listen to us for once."

Arts Representative Corey Cook disagreed with Jones. "This motion is not an act against the gay community," he said. He believed SSMU's previous stance was taken in haste.

McGill student Lorne Zeilar



Chris Carter, LBGM co-ordinator

agreed with Cook. He said councilors should not be afraid of the "politically correct" label of "bigot" if they voted for the motion. "Vote with your conscience," Zeilar urged.

SSMU VP Internal Cornell Wright responded to Zeilar's claim, "I don't accuse anyone of being homophobic for voting in favour of the motion, just as long as no one accuses me of being politically correct for voting against it."

Arts representative Liane Thomas said the issue should go to referendum. "I believe the issue should be brought before the students of McGill," she said.

Throughout most of the debate, SSMU president Mark Luz remained silent. When he did stand up to address the motion, his position on it was unclear. "My personal decision is not fully behind which way I vote, when I vote," he said.

Luz said last November's motion was designed not to cancel blood drives altogether, but to pressure the CRC to do something about its questionnaire. He said previous debates revealed that most councilors thought the questionnaire was discriminatory. Luz voted in favour of Thursday's motion.

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♥ **Babushka - chocolate - honey** - sprinkles - strawberries - I would love to make a fondue out of you - Bring a sheet just for starters - your culinary cuisinier.

♥ **Goob How'd you** get that sexy butt? From your sweetie. PS. Monday night's the night to cash that coupon! XOXO

♥ **To Anne, Don't** leave me for Morgan, or that other peabody. I'm yours, always. I love you. Happy Valentines Day. Daisy.

♥ **Dearest Diane.** What colour is your glove? Purple seems a bit too tame. You hate everyone, but all the

same come to Apt. 69. We'll give you our love L+A XX

♥ **Rosena: Stop teasing us!** Bring your cuffs you know where so we can make a little "black and blue" (ours are rusty!)

♥ **Happy Valentine's Day** to my only guardian angel. Love always your princess! M&M's 4 ever! Remember I'll always be there!

♥ **Mon Cher Antoine.** Je l'aime mon amour! Comme tu est magnifique - Chic Alors! A toi toujours: LM

♥ **Happy Valentine's Day** to Fabienne - My love munchkin and mummy cat, from your tom cat, huggy bear, and horny moose.

♥ **ESB - Wrapping my** legs around you, I gasp & moan with your every thrust - casually, The Butterfly.

♥ **Eric - You have** captured my heart, mind, body & soul. Thank you for persisting. Butterfly

♥ **To my favourite** loco chico any oh-have-it Otto always Happy Valentine's Day! Love, Tracey.

♥ **Mimo, all I** want is to love you always. Sabina

♥ **Jeff Roop, that's** it, stop it, I can't function! When I look at you I can't concentrate, when I talk to you I step on my tongue. And so for the sake of my academic career and tread-marked tongue, please stop coming to class... Sincerely, SA.

♥ **Ann, St Ann's** Kampus, glad your last year's going well (be unhappy another way), but far from you it's hell; I think of you night and day, lose sleep, miss you like mad: Happy all's OK but also sad. "Bill"

♥ **Dearest Bob,** I have yet to find someone comparable to you. Anyone w/ your succulent body and athletic prowess, you godlike beast. Come dazzle me, stimulate my mind. Forever yours Bob.

♥ **Ilanit - Blonde/brunette** - Angel's babe, I'm a bagel, full of white seed, waiting to be toasted... If you'll be my favourite spread - Are you kosher? MDCPKV!!!

♥ **Il Professore Bisson,** amorii... You make me burn w/ Grimaldi fire. Help me grow from Paleo-iron to a fleshy, natural woman. Big Breasted Venus.

♥ **Schmuckle dearest** I have loved you 'till it hurts (in so many ways) Let me be your Aquaman!!

♥ **Hey Gatsby.** You're the next one to die. Thanks for no Valentine. Sandra Winthrop III

♥ **To the Babes** at 526 Milton, may your Valentine's be Hot and Spicy!!! The Twisted Sisters

♥ **To the Sigma** Cheese. After all I've done, I expected a Valentine from each of you. My undying love, Godiva.

♥ **Pumpkin, It wasn't** so bad. Remember our train ride, the lodge, Florida, the chicken farm, cheap matinées, 31, and Emile burgers. Happy Valentine's Day. -Pizer.

♥ **To the fabulous** Baked Brothers. Come and get happy by the light of the blue angel. Happy Valentine's Day. The Twisted Sisters

♥ **Heidi Ann Hershka.** Just rip 'em off!!! The Twisted Sisters.

♥ **Greaseball & Cheeseball,** you take me away to another world. Happy VDay, Greaseball.

♥ **Neal, Where do** you want to play pool next? Love, Bern.

♥ **Toni, my love.** I miss ya more than words can say. Take care kid. Love, your royal craziness, Derek.

♥ **To all my friends** still at McGill - Europe is excellent - Wish you were here! Love, Jane.

♥ **To Alex Anderson:** I miss you and I can't wait to see you in Spain. Jane!

♥ **To Michelle & Mike,** Happy Valentine's Day you romantic Camembert - Eating fools! I know you're laughing with me, right? Love, Inga. I mean Betty.

♥ **To Kelly, you** are Katerina Witt. I am Nancy Kerrigan. We're hardcore. We are the ruling class. There is none higher. respectfully, Betty.

♥ **To Andrea,** Happy Valentine's Day! Too bad that class has to suck. We're going to be professional hangmen! Go us! Love, Elizabeth.

♥ **My Dearest Andrée,** thank you for being such a wonderful best friend. I love you, Imzadl, with all my heart. Your friend for life, Tan.

♥ **Dear Big Dog** - Happy V-Day, sexy! Much love, your darling baby.

♥ **Iris. Your sultry** Long Island puts even Edith Bunker to shame. I'd love to take you figure-skatin... again? Love, Harriet.

♥ **Donna: You are** the Dancing Queen. Here's to red plastic shrines and dads on banana seats. Happy Valentine's, Roomie! A.

♥ **ladybug, double digits!** gulp. i love you. b.

♥ **dear natalie.wght,** happy valentine's day. I don't really know you, but would welcome the opportunity. Please return to the 4th floor McLennan. A long-time admirer.

♥ **Dear Lisa, Happy** Valentine's Day. I've got alot more Mcdonald's coupons, next time we'll get the Big Mac Trio. Mike B.

♥ **Dear Reem, (spelling?)** Happy Valentine's Day. I must admit... Re-emember your name for a reason! Sincerely, Babson.

Project
10

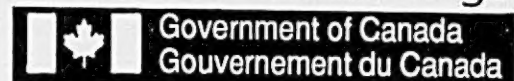
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Project 10 helping queer youths

BY ALEX MATHIAS

In the world of adolescence and high school, "faggot" and "dyke" are the ultimate insults. Teenagers work full time to "fit in". For young lesbians, bisexuals and gays, fitting in can seem impossible.

Project 10 is a Montréal-based support group for youths aged 14 to 25 who are questioning their sexuality. Started two years ago, Project 10 is named for the estimated 10 per cent of the population which is homosexual.

Almost forty per cent of adolescent suicides are related to sexual orientation. Project 10 works through private counselling and group sessions to raise the self-esteem of its members, so that they are less likely to engage in self-abusive behavior, or consider suicide.

According to Donald Cyr, coordinator of Project 10, the youths who participate often open up very quickly, but are not pressured to "come out" if they are not ready. Youths are encouraged to weigh the advantages and disadvantages before telling family and friends. Most of the youths "err on the side of caution" says Karen Cox, another coordinator of the program, since they are well aware of homophobic attitudes.

Cox maintains that the group tries to stay away from labels.

"Sexuality isn't black or white. It's an aspect of many identities." Dot Wojalski, also a Project 10 coordinator, adds that queer labels "are so stereotypical. The queer bars are not very representative of the diverse community."

This group is often the only alternative "meeting-place" for queer youths who don't like the bar scene. According to Cyr, friendships build within the group and that gives them the confidence to start other relationships.

In one of the group meetings, directed at 18 to 25 year-olds, some of the members share their experiences.

"When I first came here, I was glad to see that I wasn't alone," says Stefan. When he talks about other people's negative reactions to him being gay he says, "I try to be as delicate as possible. But as the saying goes, 'you can't please everybody'". Stefan is giving a presentation to the group next week about what it's like being gay and being in a wheelchair.

Chantel M., 21, is one of the few group members who told her parents she is homosexual and received a favourable response from them. When she told her friends she was a lesbian, "they thought it was cool." When she came to the group she wasn't sure of her sexuality, but wanted to see if she would "fit in" with other lesbians. Project 10 has



helped build her confidence.

Shade, 25, talks about how he deals with homophobia differently since he has been coming to the group. "Now, I can identify my own anger, ... feel my own feelings."

He now lives away from home, and recalls the time he told his parents he was bisexual. "They exploded. They told me to get out of the house. I was staying at a friend's house... Then I got a phone call. They'd asked me where I'd been. They pretended that nothing had happened." Later on, he realized leaving home and severing ties with his parents was an option for him. "I chose me over them. I'm a lot happier now," he says.

Most of the group members have heard of similar experiences queers had had with their parents after "coming out". But Cyr says, "Parents go through a coming out phase as well. I don't think it's appropriate to expect a parent to accept within a month or a couple of years even." He thinks it's important that youths give their parents time to accept the fact, adding that it took his family several years.

Adam, 20, who is now living away from his parents, says he is changing.

"You realize yourself more when you are alone. There's more opportunity for self-reflection," he said.

The co-ordinators of the group mention that very few of the group members are still living with their parents. They have started talking at high schools to attract younger people who may be feeling extremely isolated — they think sensitizing teachers is especially crucial.

Project 10 is funded by a grant through the Québec Ministry of Health and Social Services for HIV and AIDS prevention, not specifically for homosexual support services. The grant, however, has to be reapplied for on an ongoing basis. Cox describes the money as being used from "hand-to-mouth" and often wishes there was a more permanent means of financial support.

For more information about Project 10, call 989-1885.

— with reporting by Carol McQueen, the Concordia Link

Blood flows at meeting

SSMU rescinds blood drive motion

BY CHRIS SHERIDAN

The wound just keeps on festering as debate over the blood drive opened up once again at last Thursday's Students' Society meeting.

SSMU councilors and students exchanged words over a motion to rescind Students' Society's November decision to ban blood drives from campus.

Thursday's motion, put forth by Arts reps Liane Thomas and Corey Cook, Medicine rep David McCaughey, and Athletics rep James Stewart, was passed by a 15 to 10 margin.

The Canadian Red Cross (CRC), the blood drive sponsor, came under fire from Montréal's gay community last October over the specific wording of its blood drive questionnaire. The questionnaire is designed to exclude sexually-active gay men from giving blood because they are considered a high-risk group for contracting the AIDS virus, HIV.

After a long presentation by CRC regional director Dr. Gilles Delage, who defended the questionnaire, a number of issues and points of contention were raised.

Mary-Margaret Jones, a member of Lesbians, Bisexuals, and

She said the motion failed to address the concerns of most gay students at McGill and wondered when students were going to take discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation seriously.

She urged councilors to vote against the motion, "Listen to us for once."

Arts Representative Corey Cook disagreed with Jones. "This motion is not an act against the gay community," he said. He believed SSMU's previous stance was taken in haste.

McGill student Lorne Zeilar



Chris Carter, LBGM co-ordinator

Gays of McGill (LBGM), came down hard against the motion saying that since SSMU's decision in November, the CRC never contacted any LBGM members to discuss the wording of the questionnaire. After pressuring Delage to give a "yes or no answer" as to whether the CRC would meet with members of the gay community, Delage said he could not answer either way.

Jones also pointed to a recent survey of gay men in Montréal, which showed that 54 per cent of them had never had anal sex, as proof that gay sex is often misconstrued by straight people.

LBGM member Chris Carter supported Jones's claim. "I don't go around bonking every gay man I know... I have never had unprotected sex. Why can't I give blood? That is the essence of discrimination."

He added that approximately 1/1600 pregnant women, compared to 1/2000 sexually-active gay men, in Québec are infected with HIV. Carter wondered why pregnant women were not screened in the same way gay men were.

Jones believed favouring Thursday's motion would go against the anti-discrimination clause in the Students' Society's constitution.

agreed with Cook. He said councilors should not be afraid of the "politically correct" label of "bigot" if they voted for the motion. "Vote with your conscience," Zeilar urged.

SSMU VP Internal Cornell Wright responded to Zeilar's claim, "I don't accuse anyone of being homophobic for voting in favour of the motion, just as long as no one accuses me of being politically correct for voting against it."

Arts representative Liane Thomas said the issue should go to referendum. "I believe the issue should be brought before the students of McGill," she said.

Throughout most of the debate, SSMU president Mark Luz remained silent. When he did stand up to address the motion, his position on it was unclear. "My personal decision is not fully behind which way I vote, when I vote," he said.

Luz said last November's motion was designed not to cancel blood drives altogether, but to pressure the CRC to do something about its questionnaire. He said previous debates revealed that most councilors thought the questionnaire was discriminatory. Luz voted in favour of Thursday's motion.

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Project
10

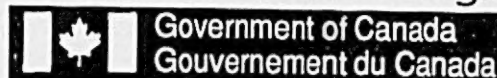
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